THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For MAY, 1800.

CONTAINING,

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of SKY-SCRAPER, from a Painting of SARTORIUS; and an animated Etching of a SHEEP-KILLING POINTER, by HOWIT.]

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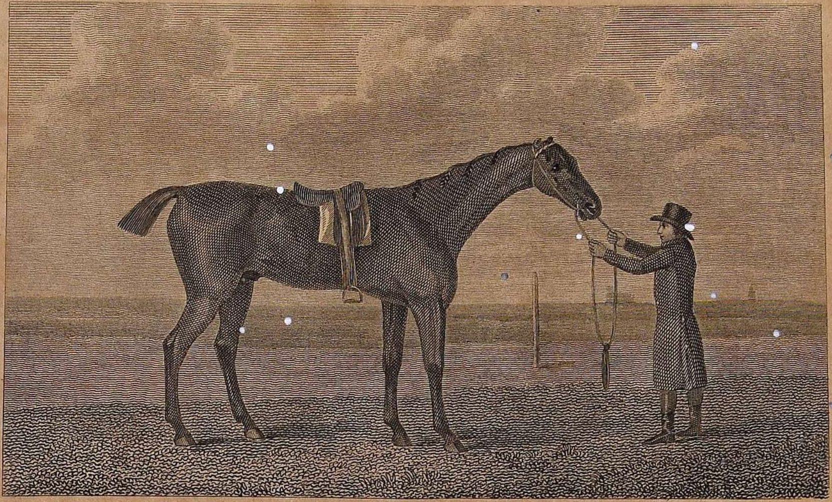

Skyscraper.

Published, June 1,1800, by J.Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For MAY 1800.

Sky-Scraper.

[*A beautiful Engraving by* Scott, *from a Painting by* Sartorius.]

As we have retraced all our former Numbers without effect, for the purpose of discovering the pedigree of this horse, we must again confide in the good offices of some of our correspondents, for a future communication of the pedigree and performance of Sky-Scraper.

Sporting Subjects, &c.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1800.

No. 18. Portraits of two horses, G. Garrard.

42. Portrait of a cow, the property of R. Dyott, Esq.

45. Horses, cattle, and figures.

52. Two chargers belonging to the Duke of York.

102. Portrait of spaniels and a bittern.

110. A portrait of a horse.

113. The decoy.

114. The ox who won the plate at Lyndhurst races, going round a course nearly two miles in eight minutes.

136. Adonis with his dogs, conducted to the chase by love.

201. Diamond, by Highflyer, belonging to J. Cookson, Esq with the portrait of Mr. Dennis Fitzpatrick.

219. Portrait of a hunter.

222. Hambletonian beating Diamond at Newmarket.

241. Horses.

267. Portraits of Captain Ricketts, with his horse and hounds.

287. Portrait of Spider, an Irish horse, the property of John Bell, Esq.

309. A vulture.

368. Angling.

399. The bird's nest.

467. Partridges.

511. Portrait of a lion in the Tower.

518. Proserpine and Mercury, horses, the property of Mr. J. Vaux.

527. Cattle.

531. Portrait of a horse.

590. A trout.

613. A cat and a chicken.

639. Deer.

640. Deer.

744. Hambletonian rubbing down.

780. A dundiver, shot in Mell's park, near Frome, Somersetshire.

969. A bull.

1009. A lap-dog. (Marble.)

1083. Fighting bulls. (Model.)

1091. A Norway elk pursued by wolves. (Model.)

The Persian Game at Chess.

For the Sporting Magazine.

Having met with the following account of a game at chess, which is denominated the Persian game, I have formed a simple relation of it in a ballad. " Two

Persians had engaged in such deep play, that the whole fortune of one of them was gained by his opponent. He who played the white was the ruined man, and, made desperate by his loss, he offered his favourite wife as his last stake. The white has the move, or he would have been check-mated by the next. The lady, who had observed the game from a window above, cried out to her husband in a voice of despair, 'to sacrifice his castle, and save his wife.' For the entertainment of your readers who are chess-players, I have subjoined the situation of the game, which being ingeniously constructed, may afford them some gratification, explain the circumstances, and, perhaps, heighten the relish of the story. It may be sufficient to inform those who are unskilled in this delightful exercise of the intellect, that by an unexpected movement in the game, occasioned by the sacrifice of a piece called the castle, the decision turns in favour of the party whose game appeared irrecoverable.

SITUATION OF THE GAME.

Black.

King at queen's knight's square.
Queen at king's knight's second square.
Castle at king's knight's square.
Castle at queen's knight's seventh square.

White.

King at his castle's fourth square.
Queen's castle at his own second.
King's bishop at his king's fourth.
Queen's knight's pawn at his own sixth.
Queen's bishop's pawn at his own sixth.

White moves, and by sacrificing his castle to his opponent's king, and then advancing his queen's bishop's pawn, gives check-mate.

CHESS.

1.

Where the stream of Solofre..a
Winds along the silent vale;
Where the palm-trees softly murmur,
Waving to the gentle gale,

2.

By the myrtle-woven windows
Of an old, romantic seat,
Sat at chess two noble Persians,
Shelter'd from the scorching heat.

3.

Here, with beating breast, Alcanzor
View'd the deep eventful play,
There with black o'er-arching eye-brows
Sat the Caliph Mehmed Bey.

4.

But with wary eye the Persian
Marks each passion of the heart;
And the gallant, brave Alcanzor
Yields, a victim to his art.

5.

Soon his ancient store of treasures,
Soon his wealth and wide domain,
Soon the glories of his fathers,
Fall,—the crafty Caliph's gain.

6.

Now he maddens as the lion
Raging thro' the desert grove;
Now with desp'rate oath he pledges
Zaida's beauties, Zaida's love.

7.

Mehmed-Bed the offer seizes,
Triumph glistens in his eyes.
Ah! rash youth, that thou had'st never
Dar'd to risk so fair a prize!

8.

For impending ruin threatens
To devote thy hapless love:—
But! what piercing accents issue
From the lattic'd height above?

9.

'Tis the beauteous Zaida crying,
Half distracted—"Oh my life,
To thy foe concede thy castle,
And from death preserve thy wife."

Middle Temple M. E. Y.

GRAVESEND SAILING MATCH.

ON Thursday the 15th inst. was decided, after a well-contested struggle, the long depending match between the Maria Ann, late the Earl of Wickham's yacht, and the Earl Spencer Gravesend boat.

boat. They started from Gravesend at five minutes past six in the morning: the Earl Spencer led the way, and the first trip was considerably a-head, which she continued the whole way, going round the buoy of the Ouse four minutes before the Maria Ann: still maintaining her distance, she arrived at Gravesend, beating her opponent near half a mile, and performing a voyage of sixty miles in six hours and a half, and winning.

The curiosity of the public was highly raised, and the amateurs of sailing considerably gratified, as those vessels were considered as the Hambletonian and Diamond of the Thames.

Although the wager was only for fifty guineas, yet many thousand pounds changed masters on the occasion.

Particulars of an Attempt upon his Majesty.

As to be reprobated, this atrocious and extraordinary event needs only to be *known*.—We have conceived it our duty, to collect all those particulars which seem to have the best foundation in fact, and to lay them before our readers.

On the evening of Thursday, May 15, at the moment when his Majesty entered the box, a man in the pit, near the orchestra, on the right hand side, suddenly stood up and discharged a pistol at the Royal Person: on the report of which his Majesty stopped, but almost instantly, without the appearance of being the least disconcerted, came nearly to the front of the box, and continued for some time in a bowing attitude to the spectators. Mr. Wright, solicitor, of Wellclose-square, and Mr. Holroyd, plumber, of Scotland yard, seized the culprit, and, with others, lifted him over the orchestra on to the stage, from whence he was conveyed to the music-room. The pistol, which the assassin dropped, was found under the seat.

On the report of the pistol, a scream of horror burst forth from every part of the Theatre, and all was confusion and uproar for nearly a quarter of an hour; when the rest of the Royal Family, the Queen, and four Princesses, having entered their boxes, and Mr. Kelly having stated that no mischief had ensued, "*God save the King*" was sung by all the performers in the Theatre.

The curtain now rose for the commencement of the play, "*She Would and She Would Not*," when again the clamour was universal for Mr. Bannister, who was on the stage, to explain respecting the nature of the offence that had been committed. To this he briefly answered, that it was a pistol which had been fired, and that the offender was in close custody.—The play was then suffered to proceed, and conclude; but marks of uneasiness were but too visible upon the greatest part of the audience.—"*God Save the King*," however, was called for, reiterated, and warmly applauded, at the conclusion of the farce.

In the mean while, Mr. Sheridan, assisted by Mr. Wigstead, the magistrate, proceeded to examine the man in the room into which he had been conducted.—On being questioned by Mr. Sheridan, he said, "he had no objection to tell who he was. It was not over yet—there was a great deal more and worse to be done. His name was James Hadfield—he had served his time to a working silversmith, but had enlisted into the 15th light dragoons, and had fought for his King and country."—At this time the Prince of Wales and Duke of York

York entered the room. He immediately turned to the Duke, and said—"I know your Royal Highness—God bless you—you are a good fellow—I have served with your Highness, and (pointing to a deep cut over his eye, and another long scar on his cheek) said, I got these, and more than these in fighting by your side. At Lincelles I was left three hours among the dead in a ditch, and was taken prisoner by the French. I had my arm broken by a shot, and eight sabre wounds in my head; but I recovered, and here I am." He then said, "that having been discharged from the army on account of his wounds, he now lived by working at his own trade, for Mr. Solomon Hougham, a silversmith, in Aldersgate-street. Being weary of life, he last week bought a pair of pistols from one Wakelin, a hair-dresser and broker, in St. John's-street. He told him they were for his young master, who would give him a blunderbuss in exchange. That he borrowed a crown from his master that morning, with which he had bought some powder, and had gone to the house of Mrs. Mason, in Red Lion-street, to have some beer; that he went backwards to the yard, and there he tried the pistols. He found one good for nothing, and left it behind him. In his own trade he used lead, and he cast himself two slugs, with which he loaded his pistol, and came to the Theatre."

At this part of the narrative Sir William Addington, the magistrate, arrived, and went over the examination of the persons who had secured him, and who had seen the pistol levelled at his Majesty. Sir William said, it was most material to ascertain that fact, whether the pistol was levelled at the sacred person of his Majesty, or fired at random, as the one case would be high treason, the other not. He asked Hadfield what had induced him to attempt the life of the best of Sovereigns? He answered, that he had not attempted to kill the King. He had fired his pistol over the Royal box.—He was as good a shot as any man in England; he was himself weary of life—he wished for death, but not to die by his own hands. He was desirous to raise an alarm; and wished that the spectators might fall upon him—he hoped that his life was forfeited." He was asked if he belonged to the Corresponding Society? He said, "No; he belonged to no political society; he belonged to a club of Odd Fellows, and a Benefit Society." And being asked if he had any accomplices, he solemnly declared that he had none. But from what transpired afterwards, it appeared, that he told his wife and others, that on the preceding Tuesday he met a man who assured him that he had had Jesus Christ in keeping five years in Mount Sion, and that he was soon to visit this world. This man was one Truelock, a cobler, at Islington, who said it was a shame there should be any soldiers; that Jesus Christ was coming, and we should then have neither King nor soldiers. The cobler railed at all Kings.

Relative to Hadfield's supposed madness, some of his officers said, he was so obstreperous about three months ago, in consequence of *drinking*, that being down at Croydon to see the regiment, they were obliged to put him on a strait waistcoat. But on the day he made the attempt upon the King, it appeared that he was *perfectly sober*.

From a subsequent enquiry it has transpired, that Hadfield has very lately been in the habit of frequenting houses known as the resort of some of the *most violent Democratics*, especially while the Clubs existed;

existed; and also, that persons, known to have been of that description, are not unacquainted with him, nor do they *suppose him to be insane.*

The Editor of a respectable Evening Paper also observes, that Hadfield, though a Member of the Odd Fellows, and of a Benefit Club, denied belonging to the London Corresponding, or any Political Society; but though the latter exist no longer as organized bodies, yet it seems some small *Political Meetings, outrageously democratic*, are occasionally to be found. In the best *History of English Jacobinism* extant, we are informed, that the Propagandists and Deputies from the London Corresponding Society made it their business, not only to worm themselves into *Benefit Clubs*, but into *convivial meetings of every kind*, for the avowed purpose of making converts to their political and infidel principles. Another, and still more striking point of resemblance between the late Clubbists, and the *supposed practice* of Truelock the cobler, rests upon a well-founded assertion in the work just quoted; viz. "that to mingle with and treat the soldiery, was as much a part of the duty as it was to meet at the Division-rooms; and reports of progress in this undertaking were constantly made and applauded."

That the sanguinary spirit, and the general propensity of some of the Members of those Clubs for *assassination*, is not yet extinct, is but too evident from the late atrocious attempt upon our Sovereign; which, it is not improbable, may have sprung from the same source of political or fanatical enthusiasm.

The work we have alluded to, as the *best History of English Jacobinism*, (*The Rise and Dissolution of the Infidel Societies*, &c. &c. by Mr. Hamilton Reid; printed for J——. Hatchard) not only contains a number of political particulars, unprecedented in the annals of this country, but an argumentative exposure of the pernicious tendency of the irreligious opinions broached at the same time, under the sanction of the Age of Reason, and the New Morality.

A Dashing Impostor.

A Man, with something of the appearance of a gentleman, rather tall, thin visaged, with a ring or two on his finger, and shoes with ties, on the 2d instant, came to the parish of Saham Toney, in Norfolk, and visited most, or all the families, with the stale pretext of having a *Grand Lottery* at the Bull Inn, in Watton, the Wednesday following, for a variety of gowns of the best fabric, India and English muslins, waistcoat-pieces, laces, and a watch of three guineas value was the highest prize.—He took from some unwary females a shilling, and delivered a paper, no *name signed*, with the words "Chance Ticket" wrote thereon; others gave according to the number in each family; and after obtaining as much as he could, went to Ashill, Hale, Griston, Caston, Thompson, Carbrook, and all the adjacent villages, where he pursued the same course as at Saham, and collected various sums of money; upon a moderate calculation not less than 30l.—The day for drawing (Wednesday) arrived, and a numerous company, of females in particular, kept thronging in from all parts of Watton, in the eager hope Dame Fortune would prove kind.—The town appeared as it were taken by storm, by a complete market of women. The old goddess proved as inconstant as she is blind; for hour after hour rolled away, when female patience being entirely exhausted, nothing but loud murmurs and curses

curses dropt from each maid, whose throbbing heart beat high in the anxious expectation of carrying home a valuable prize; but, Oh! grief of griefs! the man, fearful of the consequences due to his specious villainy, had previously decamped, leaving the adventurers for his lottery in all the agonies of disappointment.—From the town of Swaffham he also obtained upwards of 30l. and at many other places more or less.

Parisian Theatre.

Amongst the new Pieces lately brought forward, one of them has for its title—"Garrick and his *Double*."—Garrick is supposed to have quitted the London Theatre without leave, and to have travelled *incog.* lest he should be arrested for his fine. On his arrival in Dublin, the Manager engages to pay his forfeit. He travels, however, to Kildare, where he finds his *double*, that is, a Comedian who had assumed his name, and was playing his characters with success. In a conversation between them, the *double* sustains his pretensions with uncommon impudence, and offers to Garrick his protection, if he wishes to present himself at Drury-lane Theatre. At length the London Manager having caused Garrick to be pursued, his *sosia* is arrested in his place, and the unfortunate *double* feels some of the inconveniencies of the name from which he had derived so much advantage. He is thus aukwardly situated, and, notwithstanding all his disavowals and renunciations of his assumed name, is about to be conveyed to prison. The Dublin Manager, however, arrives, pays the fine, and solves the embarrassment. This piece is said to abound in pleasant *equivoques*, and high-wrought situations. It had complete success.

Modern Witchcraft.

There is something extraordinary in the idea of limiting the power of *fascination* to OLD *women*. We know something of the *magic* ascribed to *Lancashire Witches*; but these are generally understood to be YOUNG *women* with *bewitching* eyes, and other attributes of *female divinity*.—How *old* women become possessed of such supernatural *charms* is really a *mystery!*—Perhaps this mistery may, very shortly, be developed; for, it is a recent fact, that a *gentleman*, after serving in the capacity of GRAND *juror*, at Carlisle, has *sworn*—again and again—that an *old Woman* had *bewitched* two of his *sons*, and his servant-*maid*.—He assigned *substantial* reasons for this his firm *conviction*, which he opposed to the REASON of those who heard him declare it;—and avowed his resolution of preferring a bill of indictment on this *wonderful* business—*the very next sessions*—from which he had been deterred, on the present occasion, merely from the circumstance of his name being inserted in the pannel.

An animated Etching, by Mr. Howitt.

[Explanation of the Etching.]

A Gentleman farmer near Harborough, lately finding he had lost some lambs of a favourite breed, which he took for granted were taken by the *foxes*, ordered his son to watch with a gun in the dark hour for poor Reynard—when, after waiting a short time, the sheep seemed in motion by being chased, when he instantly fired at the culprit, and to his great joy, brought him down—but to his great surprize, when going to take up his booty, he found he had shot his father's best pointer, which was in the habit of killing lambs, and which generally turns out to be the case in losses of this kind.

Fate of a sheep killing Pointer.

Published, June 1, 1800, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square,

Account of the Manner Russian Dogs

Are applied to the Service and Accommodation of Man.

[From Mr. Tooke's View of the Russian Empire.]

(Continued from page 303, last vol.)

IT is the Dog, of whom numerous packs are found with almost all the nomadic nations, and are used for draught, particularly by the Kamtshadales and the Ostiaks, by the eastern Samoyedes, the Tunguses, and by some stems of the Mandshures: an employment to which they are destined even among the Russians in the government of Irkutsk, where in some districts they supply the place of post-horses. But no where is the breed of this animal of such importance and necessity as in Kamtshatka, where they constitute the only species of tame domestic animals, and where it is as impossible to dispense with them, as in other countries with horned cattle or the horse. The Kamtshadale dogs are in size and shape little different from the large Russian boor-dog; but their manners are almost totally changed by their course of training, diet, and treatment. They are held to be the best and most long-winded runners of all the Siberian dogs, and their spirit is so great that they frequently dislocate their joints in drawing, and their hair is often tinged with red from the extravasation of blood occasioned by violent exertions. They possess so much strength that four of them, which are commonly harnessed to a sledge, draw with ease three full-grown persons with a pood and a half of baggage. The ordinary loading of four dogs amounts to five or six poods, and a single man can in this manner, in bad roads, go thirty or forty, but in good roads eighty to a hundred and forty versts a day.—The deep snow which the dogs run over without breaking in; the steep mountains and narrow passes in the vallies; the thick impassable forests; the numerous streams and brooks that are either not all, or but slightly frozen over; the storms which drift the snow and efface every vestige of a track:—all these circumstances together would prevent the travelling with horses, had they ever so many of them, in winter at least; and it is therefore very probable that the dog, even under the highest pitch of civilization to which Kamtshatka can attain, would be always the principal and most serviceable animal for draught.—Accordingly the taste for dogs is here as great as elsewhere it is for horses, and considerable sums are not unfrequently expended in the purchase of them, and on the elegance of their trappings.

The manner in which these animals are trained to their singular employment has so powerful an influence on the individual properties of the whole species, that the description of it will not be uninteresting even to the philosophic reader. For proper draught-dogs, the choice is principally made of such as have high legs, long ears, a sharp muzzle, a broad crupper and thick heads, and discover great vivacity. As soon as the puppies are able to see, they are thrown into a dark pit, where they remain shut up till they are thought sufficiently strong to undergo a trial. They are then harnassed with other trained dogs to a sledge, with which they scamper away with all their might, being frightened by the light, and by so many strange objects. After this short trial they are again confined to their gloomy dungeon, and this practice is repeated till they are inured to the business of drawing, and

and are obedient to their driver.—From this moment begins their hard and miserable course, only alleviated by the short recreation the summer affords them. As in this season they are of no service, nobody cares about them, but they enjoy a perfect liberty, which they principally employ in assuaging their hunger. Their sole nourishment consists of fish, which they watch for all this time by the brinks of rivers, and which they catch with great dexterity and cunning. When they have plenty of this food, like the bears, they devour only the heads and leave the rest behind.

This respite however lasts only till October, when every proprietor assembles his dogs, and ties them up in a place adjoining to his dwelling, where they must be kept on spare regimen to bring down their superfluous fat, that they may be rendered more fit for running. With the first fall of snow commences their time of torment; and then day and night is heard their dreadful howling, in which they seem to bewail their miserable fate. With the hard lot these animals have to bear the winter through, their food consists only of soured or dried fish in a state of corruption, and even this they are only allowed, as the better diet, to refresh and invigorate them, as it is observed that they become nice and more easily tired on receiving this delicacy shortly before they set out on a journey. Their ordinary sustenance is mouldy dried fish, a treat at which they can seldom satisfy their appetite without bleeding jaws, as the greater part of it consists of bones and teeth. This hard usage, however, they generally revenge by the amazing voracity which spares no object on which they can lay hold. With thievish artifice they mount the ladder to the aerial cupboard of their tyrannical master; with unnatural greediness they prey upon his thongs, straps, and leathers, wherever they find them; and the depravity of their taste is such, that rarely can a Kamtshadale incline in obedience to the ignobler calls of nature, without first arming himself with a whip, as at all times a ravenous pack is ready to contend even to blood for his loathsome leavings.

Not only in their voracity, however, but in the whole individuality of their brutal behaviour this depravity is ever conspicuous. Instead of the vigilance, fidelity, and attachment which the dog every where shews for his feeder, and therefore has in all nations been made the symbol of these virtues, the Kamtshadale dog has assumed the character of a crafty slave.—Sly and unfriendly he shuns the look of his master; unconcerned about the safety of his property, he will not stir to defend it against a stranger. Timid and sullen, he sneaks prowling alone, still leering on every side from suspicion. It is only by artifice and deceit that they can be harnessed to the sledge; while this is doing, they all stretch their heads upwards, and set up a melancholy yell; but as soon as the sledge is in motion, they are suddenly mute, and then by a hundred artful tricks seem to vie with each other to weary the patience of the driver, or resolved to bring his life into jeopardy. On coming to a dangerous place they redouble their speed; where, to avoid being precipitated down a steep mountain, or plunged into a deep river, he is commonly forced to abandon the sledge, which seldom fails of being broken to pieces, and he only finds it again at the next village, if the dogs have not been so lucky as to set themselves free outright.

Yet the dog of Kamtshatka, though

though so degenerate from the rest of his kind, is not deficient in qualities by which he may be serviceable to man when he pleases. Besides the advantage of being able, with these light creatures, to traverse the trackless mountains, and proceed along the surface of deep ridges of snow, they are also excellent guides on the dreary way, as in the most pitchy darkness, and in the most tremendous storms of snow, they find out the place for which their master is bound. If the storm be so violent that, unable to proceed, they must remain on the spot, as not unfrequently happens, the dogs lie by the side of their master, and preserve his life by their natural warmth. They likewise give infallible notice of approaching storms, by scratching holes in the snow, and endeavouring to shelter themselves in them. By these, and many other good qualities, the Kamtshadale dogs by far overbalance the mischiefs they do by their perversity; and to what other cause than the tyrannical treatment they receive from hard-hearted man, is the blame of this perversity to be ascribed? Great as their rogueries may be, they scorn comparison with the cold and selfish ingratitude which these degraded animals, chained to perpetual bondage and stripes, endure from mankind. Scarcely has the Kamtshadale dog, worn out by the weight of his bodily sufferings, arrived at a premature old age, in which he is unfit any longer to draw, than his inexorable master exacts of him the last surrender he is able to make—his skin; and the same cruelly treated slave, who, during his short and painful life, has so often imparted his animal warmth, to his merciless tyrant, affords him the same service, and in the same manner, even after his death.

MASQUERADES.

THE last of these in April, at Ranelagh, though not so numerously attended as expected, had a company of above seven hundred persons; for whom, besides a brilliant display of fire-works, which gave universal satisfaction, an elegant light repast for supper was provided, with the refreshments of tea, coffee, ices, &c. The characters were confined to a few: among the most deserving of notice, were a female in the character of *Harlequin*, who, with nimble pantomimic movements, kept pace with a young and sprightly *Columbine*.—A *Quack Doctor*, who gave his opinion without a *fee*, professed himself skilled in the arts of Galen, and all the antient physicians, and sought custom from the fair sex, by acquainting them he had found out a *remedy* to cure the *sweet passion of love*.—A *Link-boy*, who incessantly vociferated, "*coach unhired*," appearing without a number, was taken into custody by a *Drunken Watchman*, and compelled to keep the peace the remainder of the night, by the majority of the company.—A *Female Ballad Singer*, whose distress was pourtrayed by the pathetic strains of, "*Relieve my wants, my woes distressing*," could not gain a *mite* from her hearers; and, therefore, relieved them with the air of "*Little Sally*," which had more effect on their passions.—A *pretended Sailor*, who had never seen salt-water, was compelled, by a gallant *Son of Neptune*, to seek shelter in *lubber's hole*.—An *Itinerant Player*, a *Madman*, a *Devil*, a *Clown*, and a *Knight of the Sheers*, who acted their parts to the life, had much merit. —A *groupe of Singers*, consisting of a *Tinker*, *Cobler*, and *Taylor*, amused the company with many excellent catches and glees.—Of the *Dominos*, as usual, nothing above moving

I 2 automata

automata appeared; one, indeed, who, from his masque, declared himself to the company as an *Odd Fellow*, convinced them, by his jocularity and ready repartee, that he was perfectly intitled to serve the office of *Noble Grand*.

The Masquerade given at the King's Theatre, on the 1st instant, was numerously attended.—Among the several characters, a *Quack Doctor* was the most conspicuous—a *Sylvester Daggerwood*, who had "an infinite deal of nothing" to say—*Sailors*, *Countrymen*, *Chimney Sweepers*, *Flower Girls*, *Gipsies*, a *Tommy Tonsor*, a band of Mrs. Montagu's *friends*; a *Rolla*, who tore his fine speeches, full of logic and grammar; and a great number of *Harlequins* and *Clowns*; the former *sans* agility, the latter *sans* humour, filled up the scene. The supper was the best by far that has of late been given upon such an occasion, and the company was truly respectable. We cannot conclude this brief account without expressing our disapprobation of the indecent custom, of men habiting themselves like women. The conduct of some persons of this description, during the evening, disgusted the greater part of the assembly; but at length some gentlemen, much to their credit, actually compelled them to retire from the merry scene.

THEATRICALS.

A New Musical Entertainment, called the *Children*, was performed for the first time, at Drury Lane, on the evening of the 28th ult. after the comedy of *She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not*, for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, jun. The plot is briefly as follows:—

Henry, the son of Sir Gabriel Willwou'd, and Emily, Sir Gabriel's ward, having formed an early attachment to each other, Sir Gabriel sends his son to travel on the Continent for a short time, at the end of which he returns to marry Emily. The young couple, however, have, in the mean time, adopted new opinions, and at their first interview, finding a mutual coldness, they soon agree to part. Henry resolves to go back to Italy, and Emily to mix with the gay world. Henry orders his chaise; but the artful interference of their servants, whose fate is connected with that of their master and mistress, recals to observation their kindness to each other, and produces a reconciliation and a wedding.

This piece, the general texture of which is of a light description, affords a tolerable scope for the exercise of the respective talents of Mrs. Jordan, Miss De Camp, Mr. Bannister, and Mr. Suett; but its representation was, in many instances, very imperfect. The music, in the composition of which, the wonted taste and science of Kelly are most happily displayed, was universally applauded. The House was crowded in every part. The following, among other songs, was sung by Mrs. Jordan with the most pleasing effect:—

AIR—EMILY.

I thought that I once lov'd your Henry, Sir, truly;
Sincere was my passion,—but then I was young, Sir;
You'll own, that 'tis wiser to weigh the case duly,
And, till the mind's settled—'tis best hold the tongue, Sir.
Plain YES, and plain NO,—when I speak, I don't mean them;
To say one or t'other downright, I am loth, Sir;
But is there no word that lies half way between them?
Suppose I say NEITHER—or mayn't I say BOTH, Sir?
Neither, or both?

De

De Montfort, a New Tragedy, of which the following is the Dramatis Personæ, was performed at Drury Lane, for the first time, on Tuesday, the 29th ult.

MEN.

De Montfort	Mr. Kemble
Marquis Razenfelt	Mr. Talbot
Albert -	Mr. Barrymore
Manuel -	Mr. Powell
Jeremy -	Mr. Dowton

WOMEN.

Jane De Montfort	Mrs. Siddons
Lady Albert	Miss Heard
Maid -	Miss Tidswell
Abbess -	Mrs. Crouch
Nuns, -	Miss De Camp, Miss Stevens, &c.

The Prologue announced it indirectly from a female pen; but it has been adapted to the stage by Mr. Kemble, to whose exertions, admirably supported by those of Mrs. Siddons, it is principally indebted for its success. The interest of the fable, which is extremely simple, is produced by the passion of hate, which, lodging early in the breast of a man, amiable in other respects, grows with his growth, until at length it overpowers all moral principle, and impels him to the cowardly murder of the man, whose superior merit gave it birth. A passion more general than envy, of which that chosen by the author seems to be only an inveterate species, does not prevail in human nature. We here find it treated in a manner that must afford useful instruction, and punished with a severity due to its atrociousness. In a moral point of view, the play is most deserving, not only with respect to the vice which it condemns, but the virtue which it commends, in the strong and steady fraternal affection subsisting between the hero and heroine of the piece. In the construction of the fable, the two first acts are exhausted in developing the mysterious gloom that hangs on the brow of the Baron De Montfort; in the energetic and fond solicitude of his much-loved sister, the Lady Jane, to discover its source: in her triumph over his pride in wringing from him the secret cause, the hatred of the Marquis Razenfelt, her admirer, and in remonstrance and reasoning to resist it. Here then we have nothing but dialogue and relation. We do not mark the progress of the passion, we are only told what has passed. There are no incidents to embellish the scene, or business to keep the attention alive. The whole interest depends on just sentiment, in natural and unaffected language, impressed with all the force and energy of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. From the commencement of the third act, however, the progress of the passion is submitted to the audience. The incidents by which it is advanced, of course, give a variety and activity to the scene, which it did not possess before. But the assassination of Razenfelt, which concludes the fourth act, concludes also the history of the passion; and what follows in the remorse and consequent untimely death of De Montfort, and the sorrows of his amiable sister, depends, for its favourable reception, entirely on the fine acting of the two principal performers.

Whatever the merits of this piece may be, and certainly in the sentiment, language, manners, and characters, there are many prevailing beauties; the author and adapter have not possessed confidence sufficient to renounce the popular charms of spectacle. The scene, which is laid in Augsburg, in Germany, boasts a variety of beautiful views. The castle of Lord Albert, the mutual friend of the unfortunate rivals, presents many

many charms to the eye, but none of them so striking, as a fashionable route recommended by a charming song from Miss Stevens. The piece is further diversified by an excellent air from Mr. Sedgwick at a convivial party; but that part of it, which for scenery, procession, decoration, and music, is not to be surpassed by any combination on the stage, is the chapel belonging to the convent, in the neighbourhood of which, the Marquis Razenfelt is murdered, and in an apartment of which De Montford ends his life. Here the dreadful story is announced at the moment of divine worship, when the charms of vocal and instrumental music, the former aided by the fine voices of Mrs. Crouch and Miss Stevens, swell the pomp and solemnity of the scene. All the music is, we understand, furnished by Mr. Kelly, whose talents could not be more successfully or judiciously employed.

This piece, upon the whole, promises fair to be a favourite with the town.

An Extraordinary Escape.

MARGARET Catchpole, who stole a horse, and afterwards rode off with it to London, a distance of seventy miles in ten hours, in the year 1797, was, for this offence, tried and condemned at Bury assizes, the same year, which sentence was afterwards changed to seven years transportation; but being confined in Ipswich gaol, till the evening of the 25th of March, she then contrived to make her escape, of which the following are the particulars:—

It appears, that she had been employed that day in washing with the other female convicts; that on such occasions they are locked up in their ward, are supplied with victuals from the turnkey, and, at about seven o'clock, they knock at the door to be let out; but that this evening, Margaret Catchpole, swore vengeance to the first who should give the usual signal till eight. After having supped, they all retired to bed; when, it is supposed, this woman slipped out, and, the turnkey, thinking she was in her cell, fastened the door. Early the next morning, the gardener saw a linen-line over the gaol-wall; of this he acquainted the turnkey, and, on further examination, they found the frame, used for an awning to a flower-bed, by the side of the line, and a linen crotch. At this place one of the spikes of the *chevaux de frise* was broken; and here, it is supposed, with the assistance of the frame and linen-crotch, she raised herself up to the wall, which is twenty-two feet from the ground; tied the linen line to the shoulder of the *chevaux de frise*, and got through the aperture, which does not appear to be more than ten inches wide, and then let herself down on the other side. This is the most probable conjecture. It was impossible for her to get over the *chevaux de frise*, and, in getting through the vacancy, the least pressure by the shoulders would have thrown it down, as the whole acts upon a lever. This extraordinary escape, is only worthy of such a singular character.

She is about thirty-eight years of age, and had on a convicts dress, when she went away; but, however, was retaken a few days afterwards, by Mr. Ripshaw, the keeper, at Sudbourne, near Orford, in Suffolk, dressed in a sailor's habit, and safely conducted back to her old apartment.

A New

A NEW DIVISION OF THE WORLD.

To the Editor.

MORAL writers have ever mentioned mankind as if divided into two classes. Some have called these the good and the bad; some the high and the low; some the wise and the foolish; some the rich and the poor—but in my way of thinking, they ought to be divided into the serious and the merry. To the former character I ascribe the vast majority. The merry are certainly the second class, but far inferior in numbers.

This, Sir, is my way of reckoning. I do not call a man merry because I have heard him laughing and joking for three hours at a convivial entertainment.—No, I allot to him, as to all mankind, twenty-four hours for every day; and by counting in how many of these he is serious, and how many merry, I form an exact estimate of his estate. Thus, if we allow three hours of merriment, there remain twenty-one of gravity, and is not this a very serious man, if he goes on so for a year?

Most people are quite mistaken in thinking that the powerful and opulent are merry. Alas! ask any of our Ministers of State; I say, ask any of them, what is the number of their serious hours, and I am persuaded you will have no occasion to consider them in any other light than that of the most serious men in the nation.

There is a great merchant now—you dined with him the other day—sat nearly four hours—heard him laughing and joking—and set him down for a merry man. No such thing. Follow him to his country-house, observe him when he has no company, watch his pillow, and you will in all this perceive the gravity of a man who cannot move a muscle.

Divines are serious by profession. Their hours of merriment must be very few, if they do their duty, because it cannot admit of merriment; and if they neglect their duty, they can have little pretence to merriment, for it would be a crime.

Some people think that great Lawyers must be very merry, because they are observed to joke and gibe between trials, and because fees flow in faster than they can make their pockets to contain them. All a mistake, Sir. Their profession renders them particularly grave, and the more money they get, the more serious they are expected to appear in a cause in which they have no personal concern. You cannot say of them as Sir Richard Steele makes an undertaker say of his servants—"The devil is in these fellows; the more money I give them to look grave, the merrier the dogs are."

As to Physicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, &c. no persons, I hope, will pretend, that they are not habitually serious. How can they be otherwise, perpetually exposed to the view of distress, pain, and death? Aye! says one, but they get a great deal of money.—Well, and what the better are they for it?—A regular bred man is compelled to look as dismal when he *receives* a fee, as if he were obliged to *pay* one.

Then as to Tradesmen, Shopkeepers—they are merry, perhaps some will say—Merry indeed!—What sit behind a counter for a whole day, hoping for customers, and perhaps none come—or if they have twenty, half of them have run away in their debt. A fine situation for merriment!

Bachelors

Bathelors—O! they surely are merry—no cares, no anxieties—a set of poor Devils, that if *poor* really, no one cares a farthing for; and if *rich*, every one wishes dead—sneaking about for refuge *from themselves*. No; they have a great majority of serious hours.

Married Men have surely cause to be merry—Have they? Let every man speak for himself. If a man has a good wife, and a dutiful family, does he not quake every hour for fear of losing them? and if he has a bad wife and a bad family, is he not in a perpetual stew how to get rid of shem?

Well, then, who are merry? the *Players*, perhaps, for merriment is their trade. No; they are not merry, because it is their trade. No man loves to laugh by compulsion.

But I have divided the world into two parts, the *serious* and the *merry*, and hitherto I have ranked all I have mentioned in the former class. Are there none merry? Yes—they who, with the Apostle, "have learned, in whatever situation they are placed, therewithal to be, CONTENT."

SURPRIZING DEFENCE WITH FIRE ARMS.

THE following account of the defence of a single person against a whole band of robbers, is worthy of notice. In a village of Lippe, in Germany, the parsonage-house was lately attacked by about forty men, who blocked up all the avenues, entered the kitchen window, and searched every apartment in the lower part of the house; but the principal attack was made by about twelve or fourteen men on the parson's study. As soon as he heard that attempts were made to force open his door, he had recourse to a musket, charged, and provided with a bayonet, and two pistols, calling at the same time after his servant out of the window of his bed-chamber, when a voice commanded him to retire otherwise he would be shot; but without making any reply, he fired off one of his pistols. He then went to his study, the door of which being very strong, it was attempted to open with hatchets.—Notwithstanding the Clergyman had fired off another pistol through one of the holes that had been made in the door, his assailants persevered in their attempts to force it open. He perceived a number of persons armed with pistols, poles, &c. one of whom seemed to command the rest, and at whose orders they had repeatedly discharged their fire-arms.—The clergyman continued to thrust his bayonet through the appertures, which so much enraged the assailants, that they swore he should die. It was a great advantage to him, that the robbers were provided with lights, and that he himself was in the dark. He attempted to discharge his gun, but it missed fire, and two other loaded pistols he was unable to find. He called again after his servant, but received no answer; and a second attack was made, and notwithstanding the wounds which some of them must have received from his bayonet, as appeared by the blood before his door, they continued their attempts of forcing his room with their hatchets, one of which flew into the room, passing the head of the besieged. This caused a pause and a short consultation, during which the clergyman again called out for assistance.—The robbers then made a third attack, by throwing a stone about fifty-nine pounds weight, and other heavy things against the door, the clergyman

clergyman still defending himself with the bayonet. A pitchfork, which they thrust through one of the openings, he obtained possession of, as well as several other things. The robbers had forced open the door of a room adjoining the parson's bed-chamber, but were unable to force the latter. The noise at length awakened a neighbour, who called out "what was the matter," but was answered by one of the robbers, "nothing," and on repeating the enquiry, was fired at. Four persons who had guarded the servant, quitted their post, upon which he made his escape, but guns were discharged after him.—The robbers now made the fourth and last attack upon the study, four or six men having brought the trunk of a tree, about ten feet long, with which they continued their attempts to force the door, and succeeded so far as to make an opening large enough for a person to enter, and obliged the parson to retreat to his bed chamber, where he again entrenched himself, but nobody attempted to enter his study, whither he again proceeded. At length he was happily relieved, a sentry having informed the robbers that they were in danger, upon which they extinguished their lights and took to flight. Many of the effects of this brave man had been damaged, but very little carried off. His example shews what dangers may be encountered by a single person, endowed with courage and presence of mind; he is a great mechanical genius; the singular means of strengthening his doors against the greatest violence, being of his own invention.

Old Macklin's Manner of Living.

THE desire of long life is so prevalent among our species, that most of our readers will be gratified with the following account—

"To attain to the great age of 107 years has been the lot of very few; and to pass through life without the affliction of any serious disorder or indisposition, has been the good fortune of still fewer, among mankind. Mr. Macklin, by the favour of Providence, had the singular happiness to accomplish both. He did not begin to pay particular regard to his constitution, till he was 40 years of age. Up to that time he lived very irregularly; he drank hard, sat up late, and took violent exercise; but, subsequent to that period, he proceeded by rule. He attributed the continuation of his good health in his youth to perspiration—to promote which, when he was more advanced in life, was his principal object.

"Mr. Macklin drank tea, porter, wine, punch, &c. and ate fish, flesh, fowl, &c. till he was 70 years of age; but he never drank to excess.—If ever he was prevailed upon to drink more than his usual quantity, (seven or eight glasses of wine) he always took Anderson's Scotch Pills going to bed at night. This, he said, kept his head from aching the next morning. He was always moderate at his meals, but never abstemious; and preferred conversation to the bottle. At 70 years of age, Mr. Macklin, finding that tea disagreed with him, discontinued the use of it in a great degree, and took milk, (which he had always boiled) instead of tea. He also had bread boiled in his milk, which he sweetened with brown sugar, till it was almost a syrup.—Having lost all his teeth, about the year 1764, he was reduced in his sustenance entirely to fish, (which he was very fond of) herbage, puddings, and spoon meat; he liked all kinds of stews, hashes, and soups, particularly giblet soup, which

which he used to have two or three times a week. He was a great lover of eggs, custards, and jellies. His drink at his meals, for the last forty years of his age, was white wine and water, made very sweet. Being attacked by the rheumatism in the year 1770, he discontinued the use of sheets, and, to avoid it, slept in blankets. He did not sleep upon a feather-bed, but upon a mattress; his bed was a kind of couch without curtains, which was placed in the middle of a large room.—On this he reposed, whenever he found himself inclined to sleep. He always lay with his head very high, but never stripped off his cloaths, for the last twenty years of his life, except to change them, to put on clean linen, or to have himself washed, and rubbed all over with napkins dipped in warm brandy or gin; a practice which he repeated very often. He was also in the habit of steeping his feet, for a considerable time, in warm water. Whenever he went abroad, he changed all his cloaths as soon as he returned home, and never sat in his own house in the dress that he went out. Whenever he perspired, he always put on fresh linen. We have known him at the play-house, to change his shirt three or four times during the performance; and when he went home, to change it again— He was much given to perspiration, which he always promoted, never checked. This he said contributed very much to preserve his health, and prolong his life: but, we are persuaded, that he stood particularly indebted to his amiable wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Macklin, for her indefatigable care of and attention to him. Her fondness anticipated all his wants, and her thorough knowledge of his disposition and constitution, enabled her to do more for him than the most eminent physician. For the last ten years of existence, he had no fixed hours for his meals—he followed closely the dictates of nature. He ate when he was hungry, (sometimes at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, and Mrs. Macklin always got out of bed to wait upon him) drank when he was dry, and slept when he found himself sleepy."

Lawrence on Draft Cattle.

(*Continued from page 12.*)

THERE would certainly be a difficulty, or rather an impossibility, in obtaining, immediately, a sufficient number of horses of the description which I have recommended, for the use of the metropolis; but were the gentlemen in the brewery, and other considerable proprietors, to express their inclinations to such a change, Suffolk horses would be bred in every breeding county in England.

It is urged, that the chief use of large horses in town is, as fillers, to stand the shaking of slop-carts, and other very ponderous loads: but I think a gross and bulky, or a tall, leggy horse, can never be so able to endure this, as a square, muscular, boney one of fifteen three, or sixteen hands high. Those over-grown cattle are apt to be too much shaken by their own weight. The practical arguments, however, of Messieurs Trueman, Harford, and Co. of Limehouse, are of more validity than a whole folio of my theoretical ones. The drays of those gentlemen have, for some months past, been drawn by three mules each, the highest of which, did not appear to me above fourteen hands. They carry three buts of beer, from Limehouse to London; the same weight, precisely, which the London drays carry with three large horses, and the

the shafts bear in like manner upon the filler.

Now I have mentioned shaft-horses, I wish to ask the question, what possible use it can be of, for the weight of a carriage to bear upon the fill-horse, instead of upon a wheel, or wheels? I lament here, that I cannot boast of being even a smatterer in the mechanics, of course, that I cannot deliver myself upon this part of the subject, scientifically; but I am an old carter; and have been long convinced, that there really was never any necessity for the practice, and that it stands upon no better foundation than that of ancient custom. The danger and inhumanity of this custom is visible to all who have eyes, and walk London streets in a slippery season. It has made me shudder a thousand times, to see a wretched animal, perhaps weak and half-fed, staggering under an immense load, down a hill of glass, and upon shoes which seemed to be contrived expressly for the purpose of sliding. How it happens that the horses keep their legs, or that so few accidents ensue, is wonderful; but sure it ought to be still more wonderful, that men are not warned from such stupid practices by the smart of those accidents which do really happen, and these are sufficiently numerous.—The Thames-street carts ought to have either four wheels, or three. In the latter case, it is said, that upon the true mechanical principle, for saving draft, the additional wheel ought to be placed abaft; but then, should the filler make a stumble with a shifting load, the intention of preserving him from its weight, would not be answered, and the care of carmen, in properly securing a load, is far enough from a certain dependance. Many of the brewers, of late years, have adopted the four-wheeled dray, the convenience and economy of which are obvious; and I have no doubt, but it will soon become general throughout the trade.

The management of draft-horses in town, is a cheerless and invidious topic to a considerate mind. How hard, that feeling animals which contribute so materially to the opulence, the convenience, and the comfort of their masters, should themselves miss any of those just and necessary comforts, in the power of opulence to bestow. But an exception must be made, in favour of many noble-minded citizens of London, who demonstrate the best proofs of meriting the large property they possess, in the fine appearance, and high condition of their horses, and in the visible care and humanity of their servants. There are some men, however, so excessively intent either in the acquisition of wealth, or the enjoyment of it, as wholly to lose all thought or solicitude about these humble instruments of their profit. I beg of these to grant me their pardon, if I presume to remind them of both their interest and their duty. I am about to advise the best regulations within my knowledge; if it be said, these are no novelties, I shall retort—Are they useful? if so, Why so generally neglected?

In many places, where a great number of horses are kept, the number of helpers in the stables is insufficient, or the superintendance defective; besides, the common run of horsekeepers are not sufficiently expert at their business. A man, jaded and tired with a hard day's labour, and who must rise with the dawn to repeat the same, is absolutely incapable, be his abilities whatever they may, of doing stable justice to a number of large horses, besmeared from head to foot with dirt and sweat, or to take the necessary

cessary care of their harness.—Granting sufficient help, there must still be superintendance, which may be placed in the hands of a proper person, not kept expressly for such purpose, but who will undertake the task for a small addition to his wages. A master should have a monthly review of all his horses; and, at all events, should acquire sufficient veterinary knowledge to defend himself and his cattle from blacksmiths and grooms, next to divines, lawyers, and politicians, the most ingenious sophists in the world.

But where is a constant great hurry of business, and at unseasonable hours, it will be impossible, with even the greatest care, to do all that is necessary about horses, during the six days of labour.—Good Sunday, the day of rest, a day on which deeds of substantial charity are, at least, as becoming as empty words, presents itself as the properest time to repair the deficiencies of the week. A number of men in the employ ought to be engaged, to undertake this Sunday business of the stable in rotation, or for a continuance, at their option, at handsome additional wages. If any religious alarmist should thence be apprehensive for the safety of his soul, let him plead before the righteous Judge, that he was employed in the cause of humanity; a much better plea, than many of those will have, who work double-tides on a Sunday at that species of labour which is held so meritorious.

A severe stable discipline ought to be maintained where the horses are numerous, and they ought never to appear abroad, in a rough and ill-favoured state, to disgrace the opulent circumstances of the owners.

A dray, or cart-horse, should be smooth trimmed about the head and ears, his mane pulled even, and reduced to a handsome length and thickness, but not so much of it left as to harbour dirt and sweat.—His tail should be a switch of a moderate length, and his legs invariably close trimmed, coach-horse fashion.

Ask an old horse-keeper, who is so bewitched with the beauty, and even excellence, of hairy legs, that he cannot conceive any horse able to draw with smooth ones, and he will tell you directly, and even make you believe it, unless you are upon your guard, "that there is "no possibility of keeping a cart-"horse clean, and free from grease, "if you take the hair from his "legs, which screens them from "the dirt." What a powerful sophism? But the misery of the matter is, these hairy-legged horses are perpetually apt to be greased, from the slightest neglect, and then the sophists are at last under the necessity of going fundamentally to work, and of cutting off the sacred locks, beneath which they find cakes of dirt and sweat, which have occasioned all the mischief, and which need never have happened, but for neglecting the salutary operation of the comb and scissars.

Plenty of warm water and soap, if necessary, should be allowed once a week, for the legs and feet of horses, which are subject to heat and swellings therein; care should be taken, that they do not stand too much in their dung, which heats and helps to founder their feet.—If any hurt happen to a horse, which work may aggravate, he should be withdrawn instantly, in the first stage of the mischief; if his case require a situation different from that of a crowded town stable, he should be sent forthwith down to a farmer's yard, where he may be well sheltered, and carefully attended. I have seen fifty cases

cases of this kind, in which, from the indolence and irresolution of the owner, and the knavery and ignorance of his blacksmith, a horse has been kept at an useless expence in town, for months together, till at last he has either been sold for a trifle, totally lost, or sent down into the country to be cured.

Nothing can look so abominable or disgraceful to considerable owners, as their horses being wrung in the shoulders, by the collar, or chafed by the harness.—A regular system of management and preventive care, are, in these respects, all in all. Collars and harness, suffered to remain sodden and hardened with sweat, water, and dirt, must infallibly fret the toughest skin. All accidents of this kind should be attended to in the first instance; an hour's delay may produce the trouble of months.

The leisure afforded by the reservation of the seventh day is, or ought to be, peculiarly useful to the poorer proprietors, the horses of many of whom are, during the days of labour, enveloped in all kinds of filth.

Many will start and shrink back from the trouble of the task I have presumed to recommend unto them. These calculate ill. Improvident negligence is usually productive of accumulated trouble; and an article of high price, reasonably demands, and will as certainly repay, the insurance of care.

(To be continued.)

Account of Flandrin, a celebrated French Veterinarian.

CITIZEN Flandrin was born at Lyons, Sept. 12, 1752, of parents more distinguished by the purity of their manners, than by their fortune; by the utility than by the dignity of their profession.

Although a stranger to none of the elements, as numerous as diversified, of which the veterinary art is composed, he had particularly devoted his attention to comparative anatomy; experiments on the absorption of the lymphatic vessels, dissertations on the singular conformation of the *sarigue* (a species of opossum) on the extent of the retina, and on a pretty large number of other points of comparative anatomy and physiology, evince in their author a very valuable sagacity, and make us regret that he was prevented from executing the project he had conceived of an extensive work on comparative anatomy; a project, immense materials for which he had been a long time laboriously collecting.

The academy of sciences, to which he presented his dissertations, and some excellent observations on madness, gave him, in 1791, *lettres de correspondant*, which were not to him like so many others, a brevet for inactivity; they neither paralysed his scalpel, nor his pen.

Two journies undertaken by order of government, one into England, in 1785, and the other into Spain, in 1787, inspired him with a decided taste for rural economy; the rearing of sheep, in which the English and Spaniards have unhappily an acknowledged superiority over us, had above all fixed his attention. The researches which he made on the management of sheep in those two countries, have become the materials of a complete treatise, which he published in the second year (in large octavo) on the rearing of sheep; a work the richest in facts that we possess on this subject.

He had already published some works equally useful, but less important in regard to extent: such as a *precis* of the anatomy of the horse, a *precis* of the exterior knowledge

ledge of the same animal, and a memoir on the possibility of meliorating horses in France.

The *Journal de Medicine*, the collection of memoirs of the Society of Agriculture, of Paris, of which he was a member, the papers called the *Cultivator*, the *Mercure*, the *Journal de Paris*, and many other periodical publications, contain a great number of dissertations and letters of Flandrin, on different subjects of the veterinary art and rural economy.

Associated with citizens Chabert and Huzard, in the editing a collection of instructions and memoirs on the veterinary art, he inserted in it many interesting articles, which have contributed to give to that work the reputation it has acquired with veterinarians and cultivators, of whom it is become, in some sort, the manual.

No art is more liable to shorten life, than that of contemplating organization in animals deprived of it. Plunged continually in an atmosphere loaded with putrid vapours, Flandrin early saw his health decaying, without losing his inclination for the labours which destroyed it. Attacked, about a year before, with a fever, which had resisted all the means employed to get the better of it, his exhausted strength could not support the violence of a very acute peripneumony, which, in a few days, took him from a beloved wife, from children in tender age, from an uncle who had for him the sentiments of a father, from his friends, from the National Institute, which had just admitted him an associate; in a word, from the veterinary art, the regrets of which it is the more incumbent on me to express, as I am called, in some measure, to perpetuate its sentiments, by my insufficiency in the exercise of the functions which he discharged with so much distinction.

Amusements of the Poor.

To the Editor *of the* Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SEVERAL allusions having been made in the late debate upon Bull Baiting, relative to the amusements of the lower orders of the people, I have determined to offer a circumstance relative thereto for the consideration of your readers.—On my first commencing a residence of some years in Yorkshire, I was led one Monday evening to a pottery at Castleford; and on my near approach to it, was agreeably surprised by the sound of music both vocal and instrumental, which my companion informed me was produced by a concert of potters. On my entering the manufactory, the then proprietor explained to me, that being himself an amateur, and a few of his men having a little knowledge of music, he had endeavoured to cultivate and diffuse among them, a taste for it as generally as possible. That he procured a master to attend them from a neighbouring town on a Monday evening, after their work was over, with whose assistance they got up several anthems in parts, which they performed at church on the following Sunday. A forfeit was levied on each of the musicians who neglected attending on the Monday evening; and the pleasure on the one hand, with the forfeit on the other, afforded motives strong enough to keep them sober all the day, and consequently at work, in order to be fit for their party in the evening, instead of devoting *St. Monday*, as heretofore, to the orgies of Bacchus.

I do not at present recollect to have heard of any other musical party among the poor on a Monday: perhaps, if that of the artificers of Sheffield took place on this day,

day, instead of the middle of the week, it might be attended with the like beneficial effects. I have been present, however, at a party of poor men, a few miles from Leeds, practising the singing of anthems and chorusses, on a Sunday evening, at the house of an amateur, who appropriated a room once a week to their use, gave them some of his home-brewed ale, and during part of the evening assisted them with his violoncello, &c. But I must own I felt much more pleasure at seeing these villagers so cheaply and innocently entertained by the unaffected good-nature of my friend, than from hearing their uncouth utterance of the sublime "*Messiah*" of Handel. My friend generally invited the musical club in a neighbouring town, of which he was a member, to spend a day with him every summer, where I have been present at the performance of one of Handel's oratorios, of which the chorusses were filled up by sixteen of his Sunday night visitors.

As the human animal seems to enjoy the most perfect state, when accustomed to due intervals of bodily labour and rest, I am inclined to think that much of the amusement of the rich, may very properly consist in athletic exercises, and among the diversions of the poor, that a great part should be sedentary. This must be the reason why many sit so long at the alehouse; where, for want of a pursuit to occupy even their leisure, they take refuge in liquor. Now there does not occur to me any innocent sedentary amusement, which the poor enjoy, except music; but I doubt not it will be a satisfaction to many of your readers, as well as myself, to hear from any of your correspondents of such as are or might be brought into use among them.

Though I am well aware that music among the rich lies open to several objections, of which I shall only name two, I believe it is liable to none among the poor, if taken in moderation, and is productive of positive benefit to them, as well as the negative one which actuated our master potter to endeavour by this means to prevent his men's inebriety. The two points where it may be disapproved among the rich to which I allude, are—preventing the same time being spent to the intellectual and moral advantage of themselves or others; and likewise a recourse to plaintive music in a melancholy or tender hour, by those of a very sentimental turn, may, perhaps, too much soften down the mind, and weaken the nervous system. When the mind is melted by real distress, and prompted (agreeably to the chief ends for which sympathy was given us) to active benevolence, it cannot be melted too often; but the frequency of that affection, when unaccompanied with this legitimate consequence, may perhaps pave the way to our suffering with more facility our virtuous propensities, to die without fruit another time.

I do not think, however, that these two objections exist as to the poor: they must have some rest of body; and when that is fatigued, the degree of relaxation of mind furnished by music, appears to me quite appropriate to such a crisis. Nor do I apprehend any thing, in general, from softening too much the mind of the English poor, as it might only tend to give them that gentleness and obligingness of manner, so striking among the same in a neighbouring nation; and we have lately seen this courteousness of manner has neither deprived them of their courage, or ability to endure hardship. I am of opinion, therefore,

therefore, that music would tend to civilize the poor: and with all the numerous evils of civilized society, I believe its advantages outweigh them; which brings me to conclude myself, your's, &c.

A Friend to the
Civilization of the Poor.

Award of the Lord Chamberlain.

IN page 303, of our last volume, we gave our readers a sketch of the disagreements, which have existed for some time between some of the principal Performers of Covent Garden Theatre, and the Proprietors; we now lay before them the following decision—

" I have read the several Papers submitted to my perusal by the PROPRIETORS of Covent Garden Theatre, and JOHN JOHNSTONE, JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN, ALEXANDER POPE, CHAS. INCLEDON, JOSEPH S. MUNDEN, JOHN FAWCETT, THOS. KNIGHT, and HENRY E. JOHNSTON, Eight of the Performers, and at their request I have taken into consideration the matters in difference between them, upon which my opinion is as follows:

" One of the principal matters of complaint, on the part of the Performers, appears to arise from the charge on their Benefits. This, I observe, has been usually settled by particular agreement between them and the Proprietors; and by articles under which many of the Performers are now engaged, such charge is fixed at £140.—But it appears that before the commencement of the present season, notice was given that the charge in future would be £160. Without doubt, therefore, the additional charge cannot vary any prior agreement; but with respect to subsequent engagements, I do not think it unreasonable, on the part of the Proprietors, to stipulate with Performers for the payment of £160. as a fixed charge on their Benefit.

" The other objections made to the regulations and conduct of the Proprietors, on the subject of Benefits, do not seem to me to be well founded; but I recommend it to the Proprietors to give a month's notice of Benefit Nights, if that shall be considered by the Performers as more for their advantage than a notice of three weeks.

" With respect to Orders, which the Performers claim for admission of their friends to the Theatre, I think it unquestionably must be left to the Proprietors to issue them at such times, and to such extent, and on such terms as they shall think proper.

" The Fine for Refusal of a Character, and the Forfeiture of Salary during the illness of a Performer, are very proper subjects of agreement between the parties; and I think the Proprietors act prudently in requiring that what is called the Sick Clause in the Articles shall be continued, and in raising the Fine to £30. But such increased Fine cannot affect prior engagements.

" As to the right claimed by the Performers of keeping a cast of characters, and their objection to the Proprietor's right of dismissing them, it appears to me to be absolutely necessary for the good management of the Theatre, that the Proprietors should have the power of dismissing Performers at the expiration of particular engagements; and of employing them, while engaged, in such characters as the Proprietors shall think proper. And I find that the Proprietors disclaim all compact with Drury-Lane Theatre, for the purpose of precluding a Performer

Performer dismissed from one Theatre, from being employed at the other.

"The claim of Gloves, Ribbons, &c. ought to be stipulated for by the Performers in their agreements, if they think it material to require a supply of these articles; but they cannot otherwise be expected from the Proprietors.

"It is not to be supposed, that the Proprietors will seek unnecessary occasions of closing the Theatre on any nights during the season; but no doubt can be entertained of their right to close the Theatre at such times as they shall think necessary for their own advantage; and such part of the Performers' salary as is made payable each night on which a Theatrical performance shall be exhibited, must, of course, cease when the Theatre is closed.

"These are my sentiments on the several subjects of complaint brought forward by the above-named Performers against the Proprietors, from which it appears that in my opinion they are by no means well-founded; but I cannot omit this opportunity of recommending to all parties an oblivion of what has passed in the course of these disputes, being desirous of restoring peace and harmony to a Theatre, which so largely contributes to the amusement of the public.

SALISBURY." (L. S.)

Arlington Street, May 3, 1800.

"GENTLEMEN,

"By the direction of the Marquis of SALISBURY, I send you his Lordship's opinion on the matters submitted by you and the Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre to his judgment; and as his Lordship has been induced to take this trouble, in consequence of the express agreement of both Proprietors and Performers to acquiesce in his determination, I am directed to inform both parties, that his Lordship has the fullest reliance on their adhering to such agreements, and that their acquiescence will be most properly shown, by forbearing from all further appeals to the public on the subjects of difference between them.

"I am, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"EDMUND ESTCOURT."

To the Performers of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.
Lincoln's Inn, May 3, 1800.

DRURY-LANE.

A Comedy, called *Indiscretion*, was performed at this Theatre, for the first time, on Saturday evening, the 10th instant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Marm. Maxim	Mr. King
Mr. Maxim -	Mr. Talbot
Captain Maxim -	Mr. Palmer
Mr. Burleigh -	Mr. Bannister
Clermont - -	Mr. Barrymore
Julia Burleigh -	Mrs. Jordan
Fanny Burleigh -	Miss Biggs
Mrs. Goodly -	Mrs. Walcot
Miss Goodly -	Miss Heard

This piece is the production of Mr. Prince Hoare, and, unlike the other dramatic compositions of that gentleman, it does not abound in the spirit, gaiety, and lively business for which they are distinguished. The plot derives its interest from the seduction of *Julia* by *Clermont*, who confesses his guilt, and in some degree atones for it by marriage.

We are truly concerned to see the base crime of female seduction qualified by so gentle a name as *Indiscretion*, more particularly as it is in many instances aggravated by ingratitude, and the flagrant violation of the purest principles of morality. Mr. Hoare has, however merely

merely followed an example, which, to the reproach of public decorum, has been successfully practised by several cotemporary authors. Miss Lee was, we believe, the first comic writer of the present day who ventured to depict and reward the *fall* of one of her own sex. Cecilia, the heroine of the *Chapter of Accidents*, is sincere in her repentance, and we sympathize in her sorrows, but she cannot have made by her example, among all her various auditories, a single female more virtuous. The German Drama has involved our stage in improprieties still more dangerous to society. It would be both cruel and wanton to maintain that the wretch who seduces the woman he pretends to love, shall not be held out to public execration, or that the unfortunate victim of his guilt ought not to excite the tear of general compassion; but we lament, for the sake of domestic happiness, and the purity of the female character, that any *apology* should be offered for the crime of seduction, and that an audience should be induced to think marriage a sufficient atonement, in every case, for the guilt of one or both of the parties.

The elopement of a young lady with her lover forms the basis of the piece; the superstructure of which is composed of an angry father, and the other materials naturally produced by such an act of imprudence. Subordinate to this is an indiscretion of a different kind, in an interview effected between a ridiculous Old Maid, and a superannuated Knight, by means of a matrimonial advertisement in the newspapers. These two characters were admirably supported by Miss Pope and Mr. King, and in them the indelicacy of such a gross and degraded system of courtship is held up to merited contempt.—Contrasted with these are two other sets of lovers, but of the amiable and prudent kind, in which groupe Fanny, an elegant sketch of a fashionable fair one, is peculiarly deserving of notice.

From this general outline it will be seen that love is the life and essence of the piece, but then this passion is placed in so many lights, its shades are so distinct and contrarient, that the variety is sufficient, and the character strongly contrasted. The plan, however minutely examined, is viscious, so far as indiscreet passion and blameless love are rewarded with similar success. Contrary also to all the rules of the drama, the interest does not rise with the progress of the plot. The first scenes of Julia, the heroine of the piece, are the most pathetic.

In the light scenes, there is also much to blame in relation to chaste and legitimate Comedy. The passage where the father assumes the dress and name of an old woman, and that in which he dares his daughter's lover to single combat, are almost too gross for the broadest farce. When caricatures attempt to please by deformity alone, they always prove disgusting.

The play, however, though it bear few marks of a rich conception and a vigorous mind, has many re-recommendations. The author (Mr. Prince Hoare) has disdained all spectacle, now so popular, all practical wit, all false German sentiment; his language is correct, and his sentiment is chaste. Though the vessel may not have strength or ballast to weather a wintry storm, it may very well ride out a summer's breeze.

The character of Julia, the heroine of the piece, is well designed to display the versatility of Mrs. Jordan's powers.—With some opposition it was announced for future representation.

THEATRE,

Theatre, Covent-Garden.

A Comedy, in three Acts, called *Liberal Opinions*, was represented for the first time, at this Theatre, on the evening of the 12th instant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Liberal -	Mr. Munden
Frank Liberal -	Mr. Lewis
Ephraim - -	Mr. Fawcet
Mildmay - -	Mr. Johnston
Counsellor Friendly	Mr. Murray
Farmer Groose -	Mr. Emery
Squire Chace -	Mr. Farley
Parchment - -	Mr. Simmons
Mrs. Howard -	Miss Chapman
Miss Liberal -	Mrs. Davenport
Fanny Liberal -	Mrs. Mills
Jenny - -	Miss Mills
Rachael - -	Mrs. Whitmore
Marian Howard	Miss Murray.

This pleasant piece is the production of Mr. Dibdin, jun. and promises, perhaps with the exception of the *Jew and the Doctor*, to be the most popular of all his compositions. It is sentimental, gay, humourous, extravagant, and eccentric. The sentiments are, in almost every instance, truly liberal and edifying; the gaiety is natural and enlivening; the humour, though sometimes forced, productive of much merriment; the extravagance unpardonable in any thing like legitimate comedy, yet here heightening, in a considerable degree, the general effect, and the eccentricities stamping the whole with the character of broad farce. To enter into a description of the plot would be tedious and uninteresting. It is, when taken together, without a beginning, a middle, and an end; yet it has parts which are not destitute of interest. They may be considered, in the nature of family episodes, with respect to the Liberals and the Howards.

We are not astonished with any novelty of character or of incident, but it is impossible not to laugh at the way in which the author has contrived to introduce and combine both. He makes "trifles light as air," tend to the amusement of his audience, even by the whimsical perversion of that which in a critical view should be passed unnoticed. He has, however, been guilty of some striking imprudencies. The pun and the quibble, to which he sacrifices so freely as to deprive them of their proper influence, should be more sparingly used, and there is a glaring disproportion between the weight of the sentiment and the business of the scene. The one is noble, philanthropic, and animating, the other futile, paltry, and ridiculous. The former inspires us with ardour in the cause of universal benevolence, the latter fritters away our good sense and our feelings, by compelling us to partake in ludicrous and contemptible mirth. We cannot, it is true, resist the laugh; but we are the next moment inclined to laugh at or pity ourselves for the temporary delusion. Mr. Dibdin has only to attend to this necessary distinction, and he may, with more consistency, be equally successful.

The characters of Old Liberal, Frank and Ephraim, were admirably delineated by Munden, Lewis, and Fawcett. Miss Chapman evinced great feeling in Mrs. Howard; and Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Murray, performed their respective characters with considerable effect.

Liberal Opinions were received, from the commencement to the end, with uninterrupted applause, and given out for a second performance with the universal plaudits of a crowded house.

Improvement upon Bull-Baiting.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SINCE the Bill against Bull-Baiting has been thrown out, those Badger, and Bear-baiters, &c. alias, the gentlemen of the *hank*, seem to consider themselves more at liberty than ever, to continue with savage barbarity this inferior kind of sport. No longer ago than Thursday, April 24, was exhibited, for the amusement of *rational beings*, in the suburbs of the city, near Black Boy Alley, a *bear and badger bait*, similar practices to the *lawful* game of bull-baiting; when, contrary to the usual custom of this place, permission was granted, by the owner, to continue the baiting an hour longer, "*as how*," he signified, "*they had got leaf from all them gemmen in Parlement*;" and the bear was actually exhibited with a label —*Licensed by virtue of Windham.*— The badger had the following—*You may bait my* HAM, *till you deprive me of* WIND.—I am, your's,

S. N. W.

Cuckoo Hatching.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AS the season approaches when that singular bird the Cuckoo visits our island, perhaps a statement of the following fact may induce some of your readers, who have leisure and opportunity, to attend to its natural history, and communicate through your publication the result of their enquiries to the public.

The regular and beautiful economy of the feathered tribe, and their uniform solicitude to propagate and provide for their young, led me, even when a boy, to reject, as a popular error, the commonly received opinion, that the Cuckoo always commit the care of her offspring to a foster parent. It was some time, however, before I could obtain any other than negative proof to the contrary. I had examined the nests of the hedge-sparrow, and of every other bird said to receive the unnatural charge, in vain. But at last, I was positively convinced, that cuckoos do not only pair, but mature by incubation, and rear with assiduity that offspring which they are accused of abandoning.

In the midst of a wood I observed two of these birds rise from the ground, without uttering their usual cry; uncommon circumstances which attracted my attention; and on examining the place, I found, at the foot of a hazel-bush, but without the least appearance of a nest, an egg, somewhat larger than that of the thrush, and of the colour of the rook's. The next day I saw the birds in the same place; and on the third, another egg deposited with the former. Nearly every day, for upwards of a fortnight, I raised one of the birds off the nest, and always saw the other near. The latter would sometimes, but very seldom, cry as he flew. At length two young ones were produced, covered with a dark lead-coloured down, and their mouths very large. Every day for more than a week I watched the parents carrying them food, which I supposed insects, and saw them both feed them alternately. At the end of that time, both old and young were missing, though the latter were not half fledged; and I was left at a loss to know, whether the parents removed them from a place

place, where they were molested by my observations, or whether they had fallen a prey to some plundering animal.

It is far from my intention, Mr. Editor, to question the authenticity of the observations of Mr. Jenner and other naturalists; but I may be allowed to conjecture that such instances as they describe are very rare; and that, when they do happen, it is towards the end of the season, when what is called instinct, but which I should rather call reason, then teaches the bird, that it cannot remain in this country the time required to mature its offspring; and that those which have been occasionally met with, in a torpid state, during winter, are the produce of such an accidental incubation of other birds. I am led to this by observing that the swallow tribe occasionally lay eggs in their nests, without attempting to hatch them; and even, towards the time of their departure, drop them on the straw roofs of houses. I am, &c.

A Poor Northumbrian.

March 25, 1800.

Value of a Dog.

Court of Common Pleas.

COOK *v.* MEUX.

THIS was an action to recover the same, sold and delivered by the plaintiff to the defendant. It appeared in evidence, that Mr. Meux, the celebrated brewer, in the autumn of 1797, had desired the plaintiff, Cook, who is a well-known game-keeper, to procure him a thorough-bred pointer: that he promised to give the money the dog should cost, and an allowance for his trouble and expence in seeking for one; that the plaintiff, about Christmas, brought a liver-coloured pointer dog to the defendant, then standing in his brewery; that the defendant said he would take the dog, if upon trial he turned out well, and that he never had returned him, or signified the smallest dissatisfaction with his bargain. Several gamekeepers appeared, who gave the dog the highest character, and one swore that he was, without exception, the best pointer in all Huntingdonshire.

No witnesses were called on the part of the defendant. Mr Serjeant Marshall contended, however, that Mr. Meux never had purchased the animal; Cook had several times deceived him; he had sold him one dog at a high price, which turned out perfectly worthless; and two dogs, sent to him by Mr. Meux to be broke, he had returned half starved, and wilder than when he received them. Mr. Meux, when he was offered this Huntingdonshire dog, refused therefore to trust the plaintiff again, but as he was a poor man, he undertook to keep the dog for a few days, and to recommend him to some of his friends. No sooner had the plaintiff left the premises, than the dog ran out of the yard, and though he had been advertised in all the newspapers, he had never been heard of since. The plaintiff, therefore, had no ground for the claim he had advanced.—Verdict for the plaintiff for 20l.

A New Peal,

Described in a Letter from Portsmouth, dated May 3, 1800.

A Most extraordinary circumstance happened in this town on Sunday and Monday last. It is a topic which engages the attention of the gay and the serious, the sceptic and the believer, the speculative philosopher, and the superstitious

stitious fanatic; in a word, persons of every description are impressed with the singularity of the event, as surpassing, in its causes and effects, every power of reason to investigate, or experience to reconcile with the general tenor of nature's vicissitudes.

On Sunday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, Mr. Rood, an opulent wine merchant in the High-street, was alarmed with the sudden ringing of the bell, hung for the particular purpose of calling up his servant. No cause whatever could be perceived of the bell-ringing. In a little time after, the other bells in the house joined in the concert, and continued at intervals of a quarter of an hour during the whole day. And, although persons were placed at the handle of each bell, to watch the cause of their ringing, they still continued their clamour without any perceptible agency whatever. At night one of the maid-servants was so alarmed that she fell into a fit, in which she continued several hours. Late at night, Mr. Rood and his family went to bed, and passed the night without any further disturbance. About nine o'clock on Monday morning, the bells re-commenced their ringing, but with much greater violence and clamour than on the preceding day. Mr. Rood being now in the greatest consternation at not being able to ascertain the cause of this surprising circumstance, called in several neighbours as witnesses of what was occurring. They had no sooner arrived, than every endeavour was tried to see whether the bells were rung by any trick of clandestine confederacy, and also to prevent their ringing. For this purpose, the wires were taken from the bells, and their clappers were muffled, after every examination had been made, in vain, to discover whether they were rung by any deceptive means. Among the most active visitors on this occasion, was Mr. Luscombe, the keeper of the town prison. He muffled the principal bell, and took away its handle and wire. But he had no sooner left the room with Mr. Rood, and the rest of the neighbours, than the bell resumed its ringing more violently than ever. So great was its motion, that it beat in such a forcible manner against the ceiling, as to injure it materially, and it afterwards broke from its fastening, and fell to the ground; but what is still more remarkable is, that the part which was driven several inches into the wall for suspending the bell, was found drawn out at least half a foot, which, to have effected by any human means, would have required more strength than any inhabitant of the place is said to possess, without the aid of a mechanical power of most considerable energy.

At this time one of the servants was strongly suspected of being the cause of this supernatural event, in consequence of its appearing that, in two places in which she had lived before, occurrences equally unaccountable, and still more alarming, had happened, so as to occasion her being sent home from both places to her parents. The two places to which we allude, are, Mr. Binstead's, shoemaker, in Lombard-street; and Mr. Peake, builder, in the Dock-yard. At the former place, the most tremendous noises were heard, whenever she was alone. Sometimes they represented the crashing of falling ruins, and at others, the agitations of buildings being wrenched by the most powerful engines from their foundations. She frequently appeared, as if combating with spectres or demons, and fell into the arms of her mistress, in

in the greatest state of terrific agitation and horrid dismay.

Having stated the above circumstance, we avoid any comment. We, however, think it but justice to state, that the girl, although now discharged from her third place, is remarkable for being most prepossessing in her manners and person, and attentive to her duties as a servant.

London Routs.

IN other countries winter is the season of amusements: with us, on the contrary, it is in the spring we think of pleasure. When the fields begin to cloathe themselves with flowers, we are anxious to avoid them. The moment of voluptuousness for nature, is also the moment of our *fetes*. The present is the season for *routs*.

Cards of invitation for a *select* party of two or three hundred friends, announced Lady B. just returned to town. A great sensation is immediately felt in the fashionable world, and, above all other places, in the milliner's shops. Robes *en demi Turque*; Robes, with sleeves different from the shape, plaited *a la double bracelet*; demi Venus, demi Psiche; Purses *a l'Espagnole*, of coloured silk, sprinkled with golden stars; white crapes, trimmed on foliage in satin applique. Such preparations! such consultations! such an immensity of business!!

The moment of the toilette arrives; the debates on the robe grow animated; they are thence transferred to the head-dress: this, after a long discussion, is to be the *peruque retournée*. The chignon, it seems, has taken offence at being always placed at the back of the head, and now insists on being worn before. A telegraph of two or three servants announces the arrival of the company. Three saloons are already full. The crowd increases—it overflows to the stair-case. An assemblage of so many different persons presents at first a little confusion. In a little while, as in old chaos, the homogenous elements attract each other and coalesce. The friends and acquaintances form themselves into coteries. The moveable columns of ladies, arm in arm, pressed by the columns in the rear, press and impel those before them. Wave succeeds wave—feathers are mixed with feathers—fans with fans. The old are paired with the young—the homely with the handsome. Happy country, where the advantages of person, and the ravages of time are unknown!

Some delicious rose-buds, some vernal beauties are collected near the piano. One of them is asked to sing—what before such a world of people!—She is so timid! What will become of her? Reader, be not alarmed. Nobody listens. Oh delicious world! Ravishing fetes! I have examined with all possible attention every thing that remains of the antients. Who would believe it? Not one word about *routs*. Routs were neither proscribed at Lacedemon, or known at Athens. I do not even apprehend, that they were even in use at Sybaris. These antients were such extraordinaay creatures. Ah! what were the fetes of the antients compared with ours! The voluptuousness of Epicurus—Psha! a mere trifle, mere *ennui* to ours.

Hercules and the Nemæan Lion.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN a Greek poet, not less original in his way than Homer, namely, Theocritus, I have lately been

been struck with a description relative to this noble animal, containing some circumstances not noticed by Homer, and perhaps more characteristic than any of his. Hercules, in the 25th Idyll, gives an account of the first of those exploits, called his labours, which was the killing of the Nemæan lion. "I armed myself (says he) with my bow and arrows, and my stout staff, made of a wild olive-tree torn up by the roots; and repaired to the place where the lion frequented. I bent my bow, applied an arrow to the string, and looked all around, that I might get sight of him before he should discover me. It was now mid-day; but neither could I any where discern his footsteps, nor hear his roaring; nor was any man to be found tending cattle, or working in the fields, who could give me information; terror kept them all at home. At length I descried him returning to his den at the approach of the evening, gorged with flesh and blood; his mane, his face, and breast, were all stained with gore, and with his tongue he licked his chin from side to side. Lurking behind the thicket, I watched his approach; and when he was near, I let fly an arrow, which struck his left flank, but did not penetrate the skin. Surprised, he lifted up his head from the ground, glanced his eyes to every part, and, yawning, displayed his terrible teeth. I discharged a second arrow, which struck him full on the chest, but fell harmless at his feet. I was about to fix a third on the string, when the beast descried me.—"He rolled his long tail about his hams, and prepared for the fight. His neck swelled with rage; his tawny hair bristled; and, drawing up his flanks, his back became bent like a bow." The poet, then, by a singular and very expressive simile, describes the manner in which the lion sprung upon his foe. "As when a chariot-maker bends the splitbough of a wild fig-tree, warmed in the fire, in order to form the circumference of a wheel, which, escaping his hands, leaps to a distance; so the dreadful lion made a long spring to seize me. I held out with one arm my arrows and the double mantle from my shoulders; and with the other I raised my club, and struck him on the head with such force, that I broke the wild olive in two. He fell on the ground before he reached me, and, nodding his head, scarcely supported himself on his trembling legs; for darkness covered his eyes from the shock. Without giving him time to recover, I struck him again on the back of his strong neck; and, seizing him from behind, I throttled him with my hands, while, sitting on his hinder parts, I pressed down his legs with my heels, and squeezed his sides with my thighs. At length he stretched out his fore-feet, and ceased to breathe."

I have translated this piece at length, because it affords an admirable example of the truth and accuracy, with which the ancient poets painted natural objects; and in which they have been very inadequately imitated by their successors, whether Roman or modern, who have generally contented themselves with copying instead of observing, and have aimed at novelty rather by exaggeration and extravagance, than by the addition of really new facts. The circumstance of the lion's arching his back, before he makes his deadly spring, is what I do not recollect to have met with elsewhere, either in prose or verse; yet, I doubt not of its accuracy, since it is an action belonging to the feline tribe in general. It is also observable, that, in the true simplicity of ancient manners,

manners, no false colours of romantic valour are laid upon the hero, who scruples not to take every advantage against his enemy that the case will admit, and practises bush-fighting with missible weapons, till the animal compels him to come to close quarters. It would be a curious subject to discuss, whether such natural manners are better adapted for poetry than the artificial elevation of the chivalrous ages, as we find it displayed in such writers as Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser. Certainly, they who prefer Homer to all other poets, must take the affirmative side of this question, as Blackwell and several other critics have done. It appears to me at present, "that much may be said on both sides," but I must content myself with having merely stated the topic as a matter for enquiry.

Stoke Newington, Your's, &c.
April 3, 1800. J. A.

P. S. It has been suggested to me, that in the preceding description, the *return* of the lion to his den towards the evening is not conformable to the circumstance usually attributed to this animal of his preying by night. But, it is probable, that in a district so much alarmed by his depredations as that of Nemæa then was, no domestic animals would be left abroad in the night time on which he could prey; and that his success must depend upon surprising a herd or flock, while grazing in the day, of which scene Homer has more than once drawn the picture.

Cricket Matches.

SATURDAY, the 10th instant, was played a grand single match of Cricket in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, three gentlemen against two, with Ray to the field for the two, for 100 guineas.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN'S FIRST INNINGS.

	B.	H.	R.	
Moss, esq.	129	120	19	b. Perkins, esq.
Gilbert, esq.	120	91	15	b. ditto.
Total	249	211	34	

SECOND INNINGS.

	H.	B.	R.	
Moss, esq.	134	128	18	b. Perkins, esq.
Gilbert, esq.	6	5	0	c. White, esq.
Total	140	133	18	

THE THREE GENTLEMEN'S FIRST INNINGS.

	B.	H.	R.	
White, esq.	62	52	11	b. Moss, esq.
Wilton, esq.	1	0	0	b. Gilbert, esq.
Perkins, esq.	10	8	2	b. Moss, esq.
Total	73	60	13	

SECOND INNINGS.

	H.	B.	R.	
White, esq.	6	5	0	c. Gilbert, esq.
Wilton, esq.	5	4	0	b. Moss, esq.
Perkins, esq.	44	33	6	b. Ditto.
Total	55	42	6	

The two gentlemen won by 33 runs—5 to 4 on the three gentlemen on starting.

On Monday, the 12th inst. was played a grand match of Cricket in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, one inning on each side, between two select elevens of gentlemen and commoners on each side, for fifty guineas a side.

GIBBON, ESQ.'S INNINGS.

Long, -	0	b. Lord.
Boxall, -	4	b. Ray.
Moss, esq. -	7	st. Leycester, esq.
Boyle, - -	7	b. Ray.
Gibbon, esq. -	0	leg before wicket.
Grayham, -	11	c. Leycester, esq.
W. Brown, -	3	b. Lord.
Silvester, -	1	b. Ray.
Hon A. Upton,	12	b. Lord.
Capt. Weller,	13	not out.
Bentley, -	0	b. Lord
Byes,	0	
	58	

WHITE,

WHITE, ESQ.'S INNINGS.

Leycester, esq.	1	b. Boxall.
Sheridan, esq.	1	b. Silvester.
White, esq.	4	b. ditto.
Fennex,	0	b. ditto.
Ray,	2	b Boxall.
Lord,	3	b. Sylvester.
Mellish, esq.	1	c. Moss, esq.
Warren, esq.	13	b. Silvester.
Woodruff, esq.	3	b. Boxall.
Capt. Grant,	4	not out.
Stanhope,	4	b. Boxall.
Byes,	0	
	36	

Gibbon, esq. won by 22 runs.—5 to 4 on White, esq. at starting.—Several noblemen and gentlemen attended, being a sporting match.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZIBE.

OATHS RISEN IN PRICE.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is justly observed, that when any one article of extensive necessity rises in price, other articles, with which it has no apparent connexion, rise also, and one general excuse serves for the whole. Of this I had so singular an instance a few days ago, that I cannot help relating it for the amusement of your readers. A country friend of mine had occasion to take an oath before a City Magistrate. We all know that a *shilling* has been the price of an oath time immemorial, but my friend, to his great surprise, was charged *sixteen-pence*; for which his Worship's clerk assigned no other cause, than that "Oaths had *rizz*."

This is certainly a remarkable instance of the all-pervading power of *dearness*. Had it happened in Scotland I should have supposed that his Worship's clerk was thinking of *oats*, between which and *oaths* there is, at least upon paper, but a trifling difference, and am afraid that the former has produced the latter in that country in a very considerable degree. But I am rather inclined to think that a Magistrate of London would keep his eye upon the *assize* of *bread*, and make his customers *swear up* to the *quartern loaf*.

Be this as it may, it affords a melancholy prospect, when an article is made to rise in price of which no *scarcity* can be pretended. Swearing is not liable to be affected by the seasons, as the seasons affect every thing else, by *diminishing* the quantity, but directly the contrary; and the same thing may be said of the war, and the expeditions, and the taxes, matters which must make any man swear, who knows how. The hardship, however, must be felt; *fourpence* is a great and sudden rise, and if it extends to that grand *depot* of *So help you Gods*, the Custom-house, will it not amount to a tax on the commercial world, without the knowledge or consent of Parliament? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Z.

TAYLOR'S ANGLING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

"ANGLING in all its branches, reduced to a complete science: being the result of more than forty years real practice and strict observation throughout the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. In three parts.

"First, describing (among other things) the Counties of England, Wales, and Scotland, in alphabetical order; the rivers and other waters which they contain; their rise, progress, and curiosities; together with those of Ireland; the fish they produce, and the parts best adapted for Angling: interspersed with curious and entertaining incidents and practical remarks never before made public.

"Secondly, a full description of the different kinds of fish taken by Angling,

Angling, &c. their natures, haunts, seasons, spawning times, baits, biting-times; and how to angle for each; with many curious, useful, and pleasing observations.

"Thirdly, a list of Artificial Flies (the completest collection ever yet known), which will take fish in all waters in each of the above countries; the materials, and how to make each as described; the most skilful way of throwing the line, and of managing it when in the water; Night Fly-fishing; Natural Fly-fishing, &c.

"The whole forming a work of real utility, comprising objects too numerous to be detailed in a title page, and of a very different nature from those insignificant little pamphlets hitherto published, which treat chiefly of angling in the Thames, the New River, and other Waters of equal *consequence* about London.

"By SAMUEL TAYLOR, Gent.

"Printed for Longman and Rees."

AS the Preface to this amusing ingenious treatise is written with much candour, we cannot possibly present our readers with a better prospectus of the whole; our subsequent extracts and remarks will afterwards shew, how far the the author has executed his own plan, and performed those conditions, the neglect of which he so pointedly condemns in those authors who have gone before him. From the Dedication to this work, we find that Lord Thomas Dundas was formerly an excellent Angler.

"The Art of Angling, in its different branches, having hitherto failed of becoming useful to a sufficient extent, for want of a work written by a real practitioner, founded on long experience, and calculated to reduce the whole to a complete science, I have been called upon for years past, and strongly solicited by some hundreds of gentlemen (strangers, as well as friends and companions in the diversion of angling) throughout the countries of Great Britain and Ireland, to take upon me the task, and complete a work of this kind; declaring at the same time, that they should not mind what price I put upon it. I have at length complied with their requests; and, as the result of the experience I have had for upwards of forty years, the following work will, I trust, be found so entirely complete, that even the best of anglers may improve by it, and those who are unacquainted with angling, may easily become adepts in the art.

"I have not treated of some few rivers of England only, and the common fish taken therein, but have extended my observations to the whole countries of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. I describe what kinds of fish the several rivers produce, and the places best adapted for angling therein. Nor have I contented myself with merely describing the various kinds of fish taken by angling in these waters, so as that they may be known when seen, with their natures, qualities, haunts, seasons, spawning-times, feeding-times, baits, how to angle for each, rods, lines, &c.; but every proper matter and thing concerning angling is so clearly laid down, that it is now impossible for any one to be at a loss in any thing with regard to this art; the work in this instance being quite different from what has hitherto been attempted; and the reader will find the assertion of some historians who have written on the nature of salmons, and some other fishes, refuted.

"The list of flies given in this work, and the instructions for making each, are very valuable, and cannot fail of making a person perfect in the best manner of fly-making

ing (as yet peculiar to myself), with but very little practice; and the rules given for fly fishing are uncommonly instructive; so that the result of them, if rightly put in practice, must be never failing success.

"Several of those who have ventured to write upon this subject have known but little, if any thing, of the nature of fish, even of those they have attempted to treat of, and, I am persuaded, have never taken either salmon or trout by angling; perhaps never saw one alive in the water in their lives.—Indeed, they do not presume to give any account of taking salmons or salmon trouts by angling, or how to make flies for them, not having been able to distinguish between small salmon, salmon trouts, and others of the salmon kind; and had some of them been presented with a grayling, it is a query if they could have told what kind of fish it was. They recommend angling in the Thames, from London-bridge to Chelsea, and higher up, as if such parts of the river were the best of all others, or as if the Thames thereabout was the chiefest river for that purpose that we have in this country; with some such account of other rivers about the metropolis, they tell you methods of taking gudgeons, roach, dace, barbel, and other common fish, strongly advising the ground baits for baiting the places where you angle, in bottom fishing, &c. to be equal or superior to your hook baits, which is exceedingly wrong, for they should always be inferior, as is clearly shewn in the Second Part of this production; and, added to their preposterous nonsense of alluring fish to bite by the use of oils, &c. and their unlawful rules given for the encouragement of poaching, and foxing of fish as they term it (which are shameful, and never will appear in any proper treatise of angling), render the whole of their compositions at once ridiculous; so that, instead of instructing, they only bewilder, and prevent many from partaking of this delightful diversion, which they might enjoy were they but properly instructed.

"By what has been here advanced, the author does not mean to detract from the merit of any others who have touched upon the subject, but only to shew how his methods differ from their notions.

"In this work there is not the least thing imaginary, but all is written from the real knowledge the author has acquired in the art, assisted by his own private memorandums; so that he thinks he may without vanity justly entitle it, Angling Reduced to a Complete Science: and the whole is so interspersed with remarks and little pleasing anecdotes, that the reader will be agreeably surprised and entertained.

"That such a book is wanting, and may prove useful and pleasing to thousands, is obvious from the numerous and pressing solicitations the author has lately received, to finish and make his public, as well as from the nature of those little pamphlets that still appear in print.

"Angling has ever been my delight, which led me to extend my observations, and improve the art, when quite a youth; and I soon became accounted the completest angler in the surrounding counties where I had my practice. But I was not then satisfied with myself. I began to consider, that to constitute a complete angler, the nature of fishes should be thoroughly known; by strict perseverance I attained this knowledge, and discovered their certain baits for the different seasons of the year; their favourite flies for the various months, weeks, days, and hours throughout the

the season; and constantly practised making them artificially, till I could imitate nature exactly. After this, angling became more pleasant to me, and, hearing that there were excellent rivers and anglers in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, I visited those countries, to my no small satisfaction; and so, by degrees, I extended my diversion, and at length experienced angling through the various counties and places stated in Part the First, still continuing my remarks, and improving, till that power became exhausted. I then began to think of putting together the memoranda which form this book."

(To be continued.)

Fatal Duel.

On Friday, the 9th of May, a meeting took place, on Drumcondra road, near Dublin, between James Corry, Esq. of the Linen Hall, and —— Newburgh, Esq. in consequence of a dispute, and, as alledged, the provocation of a blow given by the latter to the former. Mr. N. was accompanied by Captain Warring, of the 24th Dragoons, as his second; Mr. C. by —— Weir, Esq. an attorney. Having taken their ground, the signal was given to fire; Mr. C.'s pistol went off without effect; Mr. N.'s missed fire; he was preparing to fire it afterwards, when his second called to Mr. N. telling him the snap in duelling was considered as a fire. Both gentlemen then were provided with other pistols, and a signal given to fire again, which they did, and Mr. N. was shot through the heart, and instantly expired.

Boxing Matches.

On Wednesday, the 14th of May, at noon, a most desperate and fatal battle was fought, in a field opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington Butts, between a person of the name of Collins, who was a shorer at Billingsgate, and an Irish fisherman. A trifling dispute at the Gate, in the early part of the morning, led to the conflict. After a very obstinate contest, which lasted an hour and twenty minutes, Collins received an unfortunate blow on the jugular vein, which instantly deprived him of his existence, leaving a wife and four children.—The fisherman had likewise received so many severe blows, that he was taken off the field in a state of insensibility, and died shortly after. They were both uncommonly strong persons, and fought very hard.—It is a pity that the legislature does not enact some law to prevent this brutal practice.

The attention of the sporting world was strongly excited on Thursday, the 15th of May, by a bruising match for three hundred guineas, which was fought on Finchley Common, about two miles on this side Barnet, between a young man from Bristol, named Belcher, and Bartholomew, well known in the annals of pugilism.

Bartholomew is thirty-seven years of age, Belcher only twenty, and in size apparently much inferior to Bartholomew; yet from the long tuition he has received, under the scientific Ward, he was considered as the favourite by the amateurs.

The stage was erected at one o'clock, and about half an hour afterwards, the champions *set-to* with the most determined ferocity.

In the second round, Belcher received so severe a knock-down blow, that fortune seemed inclined to favour Bartholomew, whose friends immediately let fly a pigeon to

to London with the intelligence; but in a few minutes afterwards he was thrown upon his head with such violence, that his eye sight failed him, and he appeared infinitely distressed. He, however, still persevered, and put in several blows with much effect; but was at length compelled to give in, in consequence of a violent blow in the pit of the stomach which caused him to vomit blood, and left him in the weakest condition imaginable.

The contest lasted twenty minutes, during which period seventeen rounds of as severe fighting as we ever remembered, were disputed with the utmost obstinacy. Immediately after the battle, Bartholomew was taken into custody by the Police Officers, under authority of a Judge's warrant, for having broken the peace before the time of his security had expired. He was escorted to town in a hackney coach, and bailed on his arrival.

Many people were disappointed, conceiving the battle would have been fought at Wormwood Scrubs; but the road to Finchley was, nevertheless, thronged during the whole day.

Belcher is engaged to fight Furby, the famous Yorkshire hero, in the course of next month, for fifty pounds; and from the specimen the former gave of his abilities and strength, a very severe contest is expected.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE racing stud of Mr. Cookson not finding the ready transfer expected *by auction* at Newmarket, are now feeling the *pecuniary weight* they are able to *carry* by private contract.—*Expectation* is purchased at eleven hundred guineas.—*Ambrosio*, having lately increased in the heat of his temper, till become too unruly for a continuance in training, has been purchased at five hundred, by his Grace of Bedford, for a stallion at Wooburn. *Diamond*, and *Sir Harry*, remain at present, with their engagements, in the hands of the owner.

So great is the rage for veterinarian improvement, that "artificial frogs" are already advertised, in consequence of nature's having proved herself so *wretchedly* deficient in her *own* operations: under the influence of which suggestion, a sporting correspondent says, "he has not the least doubt, but *artificial eyes*, *metallic fetlocks*, *wooden legs*, and *cork hoofs*, may be had soon at the forge of every common farrier in town and country."

Of all the parties of pleasure for some time past, it will be generally allowed, that Mrs. Montague's party, on the 1st of May, was the *happiest*. A list of the names of all the sweeps present on this occasion, arranged according to their rank, will doubtless be printed for the gratification of the town; and, to say the truth, it will be fully as entertaining as a catalogue of the fashionables that grace a *common* rout!

At a window in the Strand, under a small picture, is the following whimsical inscription:—"This picture was turned out of the Exhibition, in order to make room for the giant *Rolla* and *Hambletonian*."

On Tuesday evening, May 6, at eight o'clock, a man started for a wager, to run round the outside of the railing at St. Paul's, nine times in half an hour. All obstructions were removed, and he won his

wager

wager by one minute and twenty seconds.

The celebrated oboe player, Mr. Fischer, died, while attending the Queen's concert that evening at Buckingham-house, and was taken ill while performing his concerto. He had executed his first movement in a style equal to his best performance during any part of his life; in the course of his *Adagio*, he was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, and fell down. He was immediately taken home in one of the royal carriages, and died in about an hour after.

Two sons of a nobleman, in Baker-street, Portman-square (one an officer in the army, and the other just come from college), having lately had some words, they retired into an apartment, where each having taken a sword, they fought in such a desperate manner as to be obliged to be conveyed to separate rooms, with very little hopes of their recovery.

Two children of Mr. Dandel's, Messenger at the Post Office, being lately at play in the room where the arms are kept, the eldest, a boy, took up one of the pistols and fired it at his sister, the contents of which entered into her breast and went through her body. The unfortunate child languished in great misery about a quarter of an hour.

A Nobleman, well known on the town as a fighter and bruiser, has been black-balled at the Jockey-Club at Newmarket.

Mrs. Egerton, formerly well known on the stage, has *re-married* her former husband, whom she had left about 30 years ago.

Lord Holland sometimes drives four beautiful little black ponies, not bigger than Newfoundland dogs. They came from Italy, and are the greatest curiosities of the kind in England.

"When rogues fall out honest men get their own."—One whole-sale butcher having bought a calf unfairly over the head of another, a short time ago, at Leadenhall-market, they quarrelled and dealt out mutual abuse for three hours, exposing each other's roguery, to the great amusement of the whole market and many hundred strangers, who assembled around them, all business being suspended.

Two men having been apprehended about eleven o'clock on Saturday night last, at Leckhamstead, near Buckingham, in the act of plundering a rookery, and having been discharged the next morning on payment of the expences, a party of their comrades from the Grand Junction Canal, to the number of twenty-six, armed with short bludgeons, assembled tumultuously at the same place, and paraded through the church-yard during Divine Service, in sight of the congregation, to a close immediately adjoining, where the rookery was situated. Immediately after service, the persons who were present at church proceeded to the spot, and notwithstanding the appearance of desperate resistance, secured six of the rioters. In a space of time inconceivably short, forty yeomen, and thirty militia-men, arrived at the village; and on Monday morning the above six persons were committed to Aylesbury gaol for trial at the Quarter Sessions, in July next.

Banishment of unruly Cart-drivers.—On Thursday, the 17th of April last, Thomas Gillie, hynd at Ryselaw, and William Polwarth and John Gibson, hynds at Lennelhill, were tried before the Sheriff-Depute at Berwickshire, and a respectable jury, at Greenlaw, for driving in their carts furiously along the highway, and running over James Bishop, cattle-dealer in Swinton, whereby his leg was broken.

The

The jury unanimously found Gillie and Polwarth guilty, and Gibson actor art and part. They were found liable to James Bishop in 15l. damages, fined in 1l. 1s. each to the Procurator Fiscal, and decerned to pay the expences of prosecution, amounting to 6l. to stand in the pillory of Dunse on Wednesday, the 14th of May, and thereafter to be banished the county of Berwick for six months, except Gibson, in whose sentence the banishment was remitted. As many accidents, and some of them fatal, have lately happened from such practices, it is hoped this example will have the effect to deter others from the like in time coming.

Two labourers in the Wet Dock, at Poplar, the 9th inst. found the head of an arrow, made of flint, and curiously wrought; conceiving it of some value, they quarrelled about the possession of it; a battle ensued, and after beating each other severely, they agreed to destroy the object of contention; which having done, they, with aching bones, returned to their work, each contented that the other was not better off than himself.

The following notice is the composition of a very distinguished orator and popular character in the city of Chester—no less than his worship the *Bellman*, which he proclaimed through our streets last week:—

"Lost Asmall wight Lap Dog,
"with Alittle Black on Eatch Eyer,
"& A Curld teayl, whoever Can
"Give Jntelegants to me shall be
"handsoumley Reward"

We are happy to see that the state of hackney coaches has at last engaged the attention of the Legislature. The fares should certainly be raised to enable the coachmen to keep good horses and coaches. At present the wretched animals are a disgrace to the metropolis, and the coaches are only calculated to give colds and generate consumptions. But the fares are so low that it is astonishing how horses and coaches can be at all kept. Raise the fares, and make the hackney coachmen responsible to the police for the condition of their horses and carriages. Not one half the hackney coaches are now put out for hire, that should be placed at the service of the public, and it is impossible to obtain one whenever any particular entertainment is given, without paying three times the fare. A discretionary power should not be given to the Commissioners of Coaches; the accommodation of the public requires that the fares should be permanently raised.

On Monday, April 28, eight members of the Society of Cumberland Youths, made an astonishing attempt to ring 15-136 changes of Oxford triple-bobs on Edmonton Church-bells.—It requires upwards of ten hours time to perform this task, at twenty-five changes a minute. They had entered the ninth hour, when an unluckly accident befell Mr. Grose, the composer of the peal; making an attempt to slacken his knee-buckle, his leg entangled in the coil of the rope, which elevated him a considerable height, and falling down on his head, he broke his collar-bone.—Had it not been for this accident, no doubt the feat would have been accomplished, and the performers crowned with perpetual honour as nothing to be compared with such an atchievement of strength and skill can be found in the records of the campanilogers art.

A curious circumstance came out on the late trial of Mackay, the highwayman, at Oxford, which set all the Court in a titter:—Sir Harry Everest, it seems, on perceiving the fellow robbing his family

mily in the coach preceding him, jumped out of his post-chaise, and flourished a drawn sword. On this Mackay galloped up, and exclaimed, "Now I dare say you think yourself a bold, dashing, brave fellow; but before we part, you shall break your sword and throw the handle into that furze bush, and after that I'll rob you;" then presented his pistol, with horrid imprecations, and Sir Harry had the mortification, before his own servants, of being obliged to comply with the fellow's demand!

STALLIONS TO COVER THIS SEASON.

A beautiful Grey Arabian, at Patshull, Staffordshire, 2gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Archer, a brown horse, at Mr. Wm. Nottage's, Hatchet Lane, Wingfield, Berks, at 1g and 2s. 6d.

Beningbrough, Overton, and Zachariah, at Mr. Hutchinson's Shipton, near York, each at 6gs and 5s.

Buzzard, at Newmarket, at 10gs and 10s. 6d.

Clay-Hall, at Bennington, Herts, at 2gs and 5s.

Coriander, at Newmarket, at 5gs and 5s.

Don Quixotte, Satellite, and Whip, at Haynes's Livery Stables, Riding-house lane, Great Portland-street, each at 5gs and 5s.

Dungannon and Volunteer, each 12gs and 10s. 6d.; and Vertumnus, at 2gs and 5s. These three at Cannons, Middlesex.

Fortunio, at Barrows-Brook, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire, at 6gs and 10s. 6d.

General, son of Eclipse, at Mr. Pearce's, Laytonstone, at 3gs and 5s.

The Great Horse, at 15gs and 1g, and Gig at 1g. and 2s. 6d. both at Cannon Park, near Kingsclere, Hants.

Grouse, at Pooksley, Stony Stratford, at 5gs and 10s. 6d.

Holyhock, at Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, at 2gs and 2s. 6d.

Javelin, at Bennington, near Stevenage, Herts, at 10gs and 10s. 6d.

John Bull, at 15gs and 1g; Alexander, at 10gs and 1g; and Meteor, at 5gs and 10s. 6d. These three at Figdale, near Cheshire.

King Fergus, at Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 10gs and 10s. 6d.

Magic, at Mistley Park, Essex, at 2gs and 2s. 6d.

Moorcock, at Renishaw, near Chesterfield, at 2gs a mare.

Pegasus, at Plaistow, Essex, at 5gs and 5s.

Petworth, at Christian Malford, near Chippenham, Wilts, at 3gs and 5s.

Pipator, at 3gs and 5s. and Hermes, at 1g and 2s. 6d. These two at Streatham Castle, near Barnard Castle, Yorkshire.

Sir Peter Teazle, at Knowsley, near Prescot, at 10gs and 10s. 6d.

Skyscraper, at 10gs, Dragon, 7gs, Capt. Grey's Arabian, 5gs, and Fidget, 3gs, and 10s. 6d. each to the groom. These four at Woburn, Bedfordshire.

Soldier, at Moston Hall, near Chester, at 5gs and 10s. 6d.

Tamerlane, at Taplin's Equestrian Receptacle, Edgware Road, London, at 2gs and 5s.

Trimmer, at Exton, near Stamford, at 2gs. and 5s.

Trumpator, at Clermont Lodge, near Brandon, at 10gs and 10s. 6d.

Waxy, at Lewes, in Sussex, at 10gs and 10s. 6d.

Whiskey, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, at 5gs and 10s. 6d.

Young Eclipse, at 20gs and 10s. 6d. and a Grey Horse, at 1g and 2s. 6d. These two at Woodhay, near Newbury, Berks.

HOW TO MAKE HAIR LINES, CHOOSE HOOKS, &c.

As the angling season has commenced, a correspondent has sent us the following—

Let your hairs be long, round, clear, and free from frets or scales; of a kind of glass colour, or of a pale blueish, or green watery cast, and light bay; and for a fly line, if you mean to fish without a reel, take three hairs, put them level at top, and knot them there; then cut off the other ends, as far as they appear faint, leaving all of the same length; then hold them near the top, between your thumb and finger of the left hand, and begin to twist them towards you with the thumb and finger of the right hand, stroking them after every twist below the hand you hold them in, to keep them open and free from snarls, which the twisting sometimes occasions; in this manner proceed to the end, and then knot it. When you have made four of these, make four more with four hairs each, and then four with five hairs, and so on, till you have as many as will complete your line; then put them into water for about twenty minutes, when you will find whether any of the hairs shrink in the links, and such as do must be twisted over again. When your links are thus finished, take the four smallest and tie them together in water knots, leaving the finest, if there be any difference, still lowermost, and so on till your line is made; then cut away the short ends pretty near to the knots, whip them with well-waxed silk, and make a loop at each end of the line, the strongest end to fasten on to the loop at the top of your rod, and the other to loop your bottom links to, which should never consist of more than two or three, of either gut or hair, for fly or bottom-fishing. This kind of line should be made from nine to twelve yards in length. When you wish to make strong lines for bottom or other angling, you may begin with any number of hairs, and increase them every link, or every other; but for very strong lines you should use an engine, which may be bought at the fishing-tackle shops, with proper directions for using it.

" N. B. When you make links of four hairs, you may divide them as you twist, keeping two on each side your hand; and when your links consist of six hairs, keep them divided in three equal parts; and so on, for any size that you are able to twist with your fingers, which is always better than by any other method of twisting.

" Your choice of hooks should be those made of the best-tempered fine steel wire; generally longish in the shank, and strong and rather deepish in the bend; the point fine and strait, and as true as it can be set to the level with the shank, which for fly-making should be tapered off to the end of it, that the fly may be finished the neater; be careful also that the hook has a good barb. I have, by many years experience, found these kinds of hooks to be more sure, and better, than any crooked hooks whatever; they do not make so large an orifice when you hook a fish, nor are they so liable to break the hold through as the crooked bent ones are; and in trying them for several seasons one against another, I found that I missed in the rising, or biting at bottom, considerably more fish, and lost more after being hooked with the crooked ones, than with those I have here described, and which, of course I now always use. The best of the kind are made at Limerick in Ireland.

" Floats for angling are of many kinds, such as swan-quills, goose-quills,

quills, Muscovy-duck-quills, and porcupine-quills: the first of which is the best when you use light baits in rivers or deep water, and the others for slow water, or ponds where the water is not very deep; for heavy fishing with worm or minnow, either in rivers or ponds, a cork float is best; and is made by having a sound cork without holes or flaws, bored through with a hot iron, and a quill put into it of a fit proportion, open at each end for the line to run through. Cut the cork of a pyramidal form, and make it smooth with a fine file. Your quill floats must carry shot enough so to sink them as that you can just see the top above water, that you may the better perceive the slightest nibble; and as to your cork floats, let there be sufficient shot to make them stand upright in the water when the shot are off the bottom, by which you may know when you fish on the bottom or not; for when the shot are on the ground, the float will fall on one side, and not stand up."

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE following curious item appeared in a bill delivered into the hands of the Treasurer of a Soup Society, by a Caledonian bricklayer—

The Genteelmen of Great Marlow, Dr.
For HANGING A COOPER to make sope for the poor people - 15s 6d

Bon Mot.—At a late sessions in Yorkshire, one person asked another, if he knew the cause of Mr. Such-an-one's leaving the bench after hearing a few causes? "I am told," said the other, "that he has been seized with the *gout* in his *head*."—"For heaven's sake," rejoined the enquirer, "when you mention it again, call it a *cholic*; the world may then suppose, especially from its happening at a *Quarter Sessions*, that *he has some guts in his brains*. You may add, that a *friendly* physician *certified* so much."

The *phrases* which occur in the discussions on the Union may be parliamentary, but they smell not a little of Apothecaries' Hall. We hear of an *infusion* of Irish Members; of a *tincture* of ancient prejudices; of a *spirit* of influence!—and some think the Peers may *lose* a *little blood*!

The Grand Pacificator will have enough to do, if he can keep the peace between the two Ladies who have the honour of bearing his name.

Notwithstanding all that has been said of the impropriety of the *female dress* in winter, it is a proof of courage and *perseverance* which fashion seldom exhibits, and the ladies may now boast they have conquered the enemy, and that the *weather* is *coming round* to their *system*!

The German *Doctors* seem desirous to reverse completely the English *regime*. Here some people are foolish enough to say, that a man is lost when he becomes *married*: there a state of *matrimony* is prescribed for the Archduke Charles, as the only means of saving his Highness.

In a conversation lately between a Volunteer and a Lady, the following dialogue took place:

Lady.—You had a disagreeable *wet* day, yesterday, for exercising.

Volunteer.—Yes, Madam, but being *inured* to hardships, we brave all danger for the good of the country.

Lady.—*Manured* indeed!

Original Anecdote of Garrick.—In a French writer I find the following anecdote of Garrick, told as a proof that he could not only, at will, represent all *passions*, but all *persons*.

"A woman of fashion, in London, had a great desire to procure the portrait of a nobleman, with whom she was in love; but who had a particular aversion to sit for his picture. She prevailed upon Garrick to notice the face of this Lord; and so to possess himself of his features, that the painter might easily design a faithful likeness through the medium of his *borrowed* resemblance.

"This was undertaken; and, after having studied every trait and gesture, and each possible manner of giving them variety, till he was no longer Garrick—but, *my Lord*—the painter was set to work; and so succeeded, that the portrait was universally known for the nobleman in question—who was the first to express his astonishment at so perfect a *likeness* being obtained *without his knowledge*—and who liberally rewarded the actor, and married the lady, in return for her love, and her ingenuity."

Curious Advertisement.—W——, April 12, 1800.—"W. H——, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster, and watchman, teeth drawn occasionally, shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom and organ blower, keeper of the town hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the town clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter and bill-poster, fire-bucket-mender to the Salamander fire-office, street-springer, assistant to the Staffordshire potter, fire-lighter to the dancing-master, sheriff's officer's deputy, ringer of the market bell, toll-taker to the bailiff of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings—returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of W—— and its vicinity, for the many favours already received, and begs to assure them, that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage.

☞ "A fashionable assortment of every thing in the above lines. —Country orders executed with the greatest punctuality and dispatch.—An apprentice wanted; a genteel premium expected.

⁂ "Most money given for old leather."

It is very well that we are now *thoroughly convinced* that *bull-baiting* and *cock-fighting* are for the *honour* and the *religious* interest of the nation!

A very notable instance of the latter occurred on the last *fast-day*. —At a market town in Cumberland, the *cock-pit* is so near the *church*, that the congregation assembled on that *solemn* occasion, were sometimes at a loss to hear the voice of the clergyman, for the obstreperous oaths which accompanied this refined diversion—so well selected too, in point of *time*.

A man put up his wife to sale, about a fortnight ago, at Lancaster; but the *bidding* not proving so brisk as he expected, he *bought her in*, and thought that the business was ended.—However, he has since found himself mistaken.—An *active citizen*, in that department of the revenue, has *informed* him, that previous notice ought to have been given to the *excise!*—This circumstance had not been recollected by the disappointed husband; but he holds his assailant at bay, by threatening him with an *information* in turn.

The fashion of the present low carriages was invented, in order to facilitate the communication between Kent and Essex, by the tunnel under the Thames.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ODE.

ADDRESSED TO AN ELEGANT SPORTING FEMALE.

THE Sun now climbs the Eastern hill;
Awake, my Love, thine eyes unclose;
Hark! near our cot the limpid rill,
Calls thee, soft-tinkling, from repose.
The Lark is rous'd, her speckled breast
Soars high above thy couch of rest,
And on the plain, the Hunter's cries
Call echo, from the misty skies.
Awake, my Love! those glances meet—
Which promise hours of blisses sweet!

The dew-pearls fall from ev'ry flow'r,
See, how they glitter o'er the heath;
While balmy breathings fill the bow'r,
Where Love still sighs, with softer breath!
'Tis time to wake, my Love; the day
On sunny wing flies fast away!
Noon will thy ruddy cheek annoy,
And evening's dews will damp our joy;
Then wake, my Love, and ope thine eyes,
As bright, as blue, as summer skies!

We'll hunt the Stag; we'll chase the Boar;
Thou shalt my Atalanta be!
And when the sportive toil is o'er,
Venus shall snatch a grace from thee!
Young Bacchus, shall his ivy band
Receive, from thy soft, snowy hand;
And Time his scythe aside shall fling,
While rosy rapture stops his wing!
Then wake, my Love, the Sun his beam
Darts golden, on the rapid stream.

Thy cheek shall bloom, as Hebe's fair,
Thy lips shall moist with honey be;
The Graces shall entwine thy hair—
The Loves shall weave a zone for thee!
Thy feet shall bound across the waste,
Like Daphne's by Apollo chas'd—
And ev'ry breeze that round thee blows
Shall bring thee fragrance from the rose;
Then come, my Love, the hour employ,
No more in dreams, but waking joy!

I hear thy voice, I see those orbs,
As blue, as brilliant, as the day!
Thy humid lip the dew absorbs,
It scents thy breath like op'ning May.
Upon thy dimpled cheek the hue
Of Summer's blushing buds I view;
And on thy bosom's polish'd glow,
The whiteness of the melting snow.
Ah! close thy eyes, my Love, to me
All Nature seems eclips'd BY THEE!

L. M.

THE TELL TALE; OR, DEBORAH'S PARROT.

'TWAS in a little western town
An ancient Maiden dwelt,
Her name was MISS or MISTRESS BROWN,
Or DEBORAH, or DEBBY; she
Resolv'd a spinster pure to be—
For soft delights her breast ne'er felt,
Yet she had watchful ears and eyes
For ev'ry gamesome neighbour;
And never did she cease to labour
A tripping female to surprize.

Miss Debby had a PARROT, who,
If Fame speaks true,
Could prate and tell what neighbours did,
And yet the rogue was never chid!
Sometimes he talk'd of roving *spouses*,
Who wander'd from their quiet houses;
And sometimes how a giddy *Miss*
Wou'd give the boist'rous 'Squire a kiss;
But chiefly he was taught to cry,
"*Who with the Parson toy'd? O fie!*"

This

This little joke Miss Debby taught him
To vex a young and pretty neighbour,
But, for the scandal-zealous labour,
To shame she brought him!

At last Miss Debby sore was flouted,
And by her angry neighbours scouted;
For tho' the Spinster's wealth was known,
Gold will not buy good will *alone.*—
She and her parrot now were thought
The torments of their little sphere;
He, because mischievously taught,
And *she*, because a Maid austere;
In short, she thought it wise to leave
A spot, where none *remain'd, to grieve.*

Soon to a distant town remov'd,
Miss Debby's gold a husband bought;
And all she had her parrot taught,
Her parrot, now no more belov'd,
Was quite forgotten; but, alas!
As fate would have it come to pass—
Her Spouse was giv'n to jealous rage,
For, both in person and in age,
He was the *partner* of his love,
Ordain'd her *second-self* to prove!

One day old Martin had been out
With merry friends to dine,
And freely talking, had no doubt
Been also *free* with *wine.*
One said, of all the wanton gay
In the whole parish, search it round,
None like the Parson cou'd be found
Where a frail *wife* was in the way;
Another thought the Parson sure
To win the heart of *any wife*,
And wou'd have freely pledg'd his life,
That, young or old, or rich or poor,
None cou'd deny—
The magic of his roving eye.

Martin went home, and all the night
He dream'd of this strange tale;
And blest his stars, with fond delight,
His partner was not young, nor frail!
Next morning at the breakfast table,
The Parrot, loud as he was able,
Was heard repeatedly to cry,
"*Who with the Parson toy'd? O fie!*"

Old Martin listen'd and grew pale,
The Parrot then his story scream'd,
And Mistress Martin heard the tale,
And much alarm'd she seem'd;
Her *jealous spouse* indignant rose,
"*Who with the Parson toy'd?*" he cried;

Some say he quarrel'd with his bride,
And came to blows!
Day after day, the contest dire
Augmented, with resistless ire,
And many a drubbing Debby bought,
For mischief she her Parrot taught.

Thus *Slander* turns against its maker,
And, if this moral story reaches
A Spinster, who her Parrot teaches—
Let her a better task pursue,
And *here* the fatal vengeance view,
Which, *surely*, will in time *o'ertake her!*

TABITHA BRAMBLE.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE megrims, hip, and melancholy,
Of blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Midst gorgons, sheeted ghosts, and smoaky fiends unholy;
But with rebus, catch, and pun,
Humour's darling offspring, FUN,
Come, thy cap and bells display,
On thy favourite April day;
Lively imp, like great Suwarrow,
Here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
Scrawling with burnt cork or coal
Barber's scientific wall:
Hither come, thou Jack-a-dandy,
With thy bowl of salt and brandy,
Over which we make grimaces,
Startled at each other's faces;
Cocking eye at science pale,
Pinning crackers to her tail;
Casting off grave reason's check-bands
Cutting fortune-teller's sneck-band,
Smoaking at the midnight hour,
Scholar through his wide-crack'd door;
Come thou imp, devoid of grace,
Black the snoring Vicar's face,
Tickling with thy pointed straws
His tremendous purple nose,
Then dreams he of tythe-pig's tail,
Farrowing sows, and groaning ale.
Now upon the village spire,
With flaming eyes, and mouth of fire,
Let thy turnip lanthorn glare,
Startling Clodpole and his mare;
Or, regardless of her yells,
Shoeing Tib with walnut-shells,
While as she clatters o'er the house,
Goody thinks all hell broke loose;
But my little airy sprite,
Keep humanity in sight:
Let not comic vengeance fall
On old Granny's apple-stall,
Nor on back of web-foot fowl
Tye the staring shivering owl;

Let

Let not wantonness assail
With tin-pot poor Rover's tail;
Join not in the world's neglect,
But the veteran's scars respect,
Pitying his misfortunes various!
Give thy mite to Belisarious,
Nor with malice stain thy glee;
Then I'll spend the day with *Thee*.

ON MR. MILES STRATHAM,

Stage-Coachman between Oxford and Birmingham, who in his time had travelled as many miles as would compass the whole globe fourteen times. He married in January, 1800, after a courtship of twenty-six years, during which time his wife had been House-Keeper in a Gentleman's Family.

HOW strange that he who with such skill
Had plied his whip thro' life,
Should be full six-and-twenty years
In *whipping* up a wife!

Miles was he rightly call'd, since he
Has travell'd many a mile.
Her lov'd idea went with him,
But she *kept house* the while.

Full fourteen times his nags and he,
(So well he made them stir),
Had compass'd the whole world about,
E'er he could compass her.

Ye Oxford men, while thus his praise
A Cambridge quill relates,
What! could not such a driver drive
Some wit into your pates?

This Miles' fame is *passing* great,
As many a town acknowledges;
So great that he with ease can leave,
Behind him all your colleges.

Then try if you can teach your Miles
To rival Hobson's name,
And then the road he drives may prove
To you a road to Fame.

RACING SONG.

OUR life's a mere race, in which all have their views,
Where its one's chance to win, and another's to lose;
Where oft whim, not merit, procure a good hit,
And sometimes 'tis found that the biter is bit.

The race-course throng'd late met the eye,
And jockies mounted, bets ran high;
'Twas sport, 'twas glorious fun:
'Sdeath! neck and neck they skimm'd so neat:
'Twas Hambletonian won the heat;
The bets near two to one.

Yet Diamond too seem'd to fly;
Zounds! with what ease he pass'd him by;
Ten thousand—Done, done, done:
Such betting then!—Such glorious din:
The race is his—he'll surely win!—
'Twas then the pull begun:
They beat the wind, we lost 'em quite,
Again they darted into sight:
Huzza! 'twas nobly run.

SPOKE.—Clear the course, was the cry; make room there; don't you see they're coming in:—a dead heat for a hundred!—Then such a noise and hubbub of—

Children prattling, phaetons rattling,
Sportsmen betting, black legs fretting,
Drolls a funning, dogs a running,
Tripping, whipping, dashing, splashing,
Whurring, spurring, cracking, smacking,
Swearing, tearing, bawling, squalling.

Two to one, and nine to four;
You five hundred—you a score—
A thousand, d—me!—Twelve to ten—
I take you—done—and done again!
Spurs to sides the jockies clap:
Zounds! a million to a rap.

Huzza—they pass the winning-post
I've won—oh no! by Jove I've lost!
How is it?—'Sdeath!—is that the case?
Yes—Hambletonian won the race!

THE DIGESTER.

SANCHO, who used to be fed
With choice tit-bits and crumbs of bread,
And half-pick'd bones each day,
Could never guess who was the cheat
That robb'd him of his dinner meat,
And acted such foul play.

No pity could poor Sancho find,
He fawn'd, he whisk'd his tail and whin'd
For food to fill his belly:
But nought avail'd his suppliant tones,
For weekly still were piles of bones
Digested into Jelly. D.

VERSES

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

Who, while celebrating the Birth-Day of a Friend, cut her hand very dangerously, which bled copiously.

ON Festivals, in ancient times,
As Pagan authors say,
The blood of hecatombs was shed
In honour of the day.

Far higher honours are ordain'd
Our festival to crown:
Instead of blood of victims slain,
Louisa sheds *her own*.

Blest is the youth, for whom your love
This purple tide bestow'd;
Yet still more blest, could he obtain
The *heart* from which it flow'd.

No more his Birth-day *then* he'd keep
Distinguish'd from the rest;
Each day would be a holiday,
And ev'ry meal a feast. SECO.

EXTRACT FROM SEPTEMBER,

A Poem.

NOR can the Muse without a blush impart
How *wives*, with *hunters*, share the sportsman's heart.
Blest be the maid, whose soft persuasive charms
Can draw the sporting ideot to her arms!

Good-sense, good-nature too, should fix the bounds:
Men should be men, not company for the hounds:
Nor let old *Thunder*'s praise be ever sung,
When softer music flows from woman's tongue:
A thousand charms in Charlotte's bosom swell:
But thou art blest—young *Sancho* points so well!

Women may charm, and marriage-joys delight;
But a full covey—is *a glorious sight*.
Unhappy women! for such arms decreed!
Mere *sportsmen* are mere *animals* indeed.

THE WHEEL-BARROW.

WITH a big bottle nose and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy frightful as sin;
With a huge frizzled wig and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmear'd handkerchief tied over that;
Doctor Bos, riding out on his fierce Rosinante,
(In hair very rich, but of flesh very scanty)
Was a little alarm'd, through a zeal for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow of stones.
Hip! Friend! roar'd the Doctor, with no little force,
Prithee set down your barrow, 'twill frighten my horse!
Hodge as quickly replied as an Erskine or Garrow,
You're a d—'d deal more likely to frighten my *barrow*."

HORACE—Ode 22d, Book 3d,

Translated.

To Diana.

GUARDIAN Virgin of the grove,
Who lovest o'er the hill to rove,
Who thrice invok'd, affordest aid
To her that is in child-bed laid;
To thee I consecrate the pine,
Which o'er my villa hangs; a swine
With blood shall yearly stain this tree,
Which I now consecrate to thee.

COURTSHIP AND POSSESSION.

SWEET was the Nymph I lov'd, divine her air,
Her cheeks were purer than the blush of morn;
Fairer than Alpine snows, her breasts so fair,
Look'd down upon the lilies white with scorn.

Mild on my ear her milky accents stole,
Which promis'd ages of delicious love;
Her form with Grecian statues vied; her soul
Seem'd borrow'd from some Saints that sang above.
Thus Fancy rioted; all wrapt in flames,
I married, blest my stars, and went to bed:
Possess'd, and next day found my wond'rous Dame,
The veriest scold that ever wore a head.

EPITAPH

For any Card Maker in the Kingdom.

By W. N. H.

HIS *card* is *cut*—long days he *shuffled* through
The *game* of life—he *dealt* as others do,
Though he by *honours* tells not its amount,
When the last *trump* is *play'd* his *tricks* will count.